THE PROFESSOR & THE CIA

THE NATION

FEBRUARY 27, 1967 35 cents

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THOSE 'MAD' CHINESE

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On Location in Rostov

Filming the New Revolution

DESMOND SMITH

U.S. Civil Service

Rebels on the Potomac

ROBERT G. SHERRILL

The Brave New Mags

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LETTERS

before the fall

Croton-on-Hudson, N. Y.

DEAR SIRS: Henry W. Berger in "American Labor Overseas" [*The Nation*, Jan. 16] has made a valuable contribution, deepening the work of Stanley Meisler and Sidney Lens in exposing the role played by the leadership of the AFL-CIO as accessories of the State Department against the interest of the workers of Europe, Asia, Africa and Latin America, and of the workers in the United States itself. Unfortunately, Professor Berger has also done an injustice to the finest traditions of the American labor movement. He writes as if the current policy of the AFL-CIO leadership were a direct continuation of the AFL from its inception. "The main tenets of organized labor's present foreign policy," he writes, "were established in the early days of the AFL under the leadership of Samuel Gompers."

I do not know just what period Berger is referring to, but the AFL was established in 1881, so the years up to 1905 would constitute the "early days." Yet during this period, the AFL, under Gompers' leadership, was in the front ranks of those who combated the rise of American imperialism. Gompers was a vice president of the American Anti-Imperialist League, founded in the midst of the war against Spain to prevent the acquisition of overseas possessions, particularly the Philippines, and to demand full independence for Cuba. . . .

When U.S. military authorities in Havana broke the general strike of the Cuban workers for an eight-hour day, the AFL convention, Detroit, Dec., 1899, condemned the action, and the delegates applauded Gompers when he urged the federation to back their Cuban brothers to the hilt. . . . Gompers warned that unless American imperialism was defeated, the workers in the United States would suffer the consequences along with those in the countries dominated by our imperialists. . . .

By 1905 Gompers and other leaders of the AFL had shifted their position, although a strong minority still existed in the federation which continued to oppose American foreign policy. This shift . . . coincided with Gompers' (and other AFL leaders') close association with the National Civic Federation founded in 1900 for the purpose of promoting peace and harmony in the industrial world. . . . Associating with Mark Hanna and with representatives of the house of Morgan, Gompers and his associates lost interest in combating American imperialism. . . . Soon they were to become the leading spokesmen for a policy of imperialism. But the early anti-imperialist traditions of the AFL are significant and should not be forgotten.

Philip S. Foner

rank and file

Washington, D. C.

DEAR SIRS: In his article, Henry W. Berger refers to me as "associated with the AFL." Since the other names he lists with mine were, in fact, officials or employees of the AFL, his implication is clear. I was never an official or an employee of the AFL or the CIO; if I had been, I would be happy to affirm it. I have been a dues-paying member of the American Newspaper Guild, both before and after the merger of the AFL-CIO; that is all. . . .

John Herling

Burlington, Vt.

DEAR SIRS: I regret that I left the impression that Mr. Herling was employed by the AFL which he was not, as I well know and as he has made clear. Mr. Herling was, however, the head of the Labor Relations Division of the Office of Inter-American Affairs and actively solicited the

(*Continued on page 276*)

EDITORIALS

The Professor & the CIA

For twelve years Dr. Evron M. Kirkpatrick has been executive director of the American Political Science Association, a prestigious fraternity which has about 16,000 professors in its membership.

He has also been, for the last ten years, executive director of Operations and Policy Research, Inc., an organization established to help the United States Information Service, the government's propaganda arm, distribute more persuasive broadsides and magazines and books both in this country and abroad.

Dr. Kirkpatrick (formerly University of Minnesota, formerly OSS, formerly State Department) sees no conflict in his dual role. Indeed, to create and polish the government's propaganda Dr. Kirkpatrick has said he employs on a part-time basis more than 100 professors, many of them members of his campus organization, the APSA.

Where does the money come from? In the early years of its existence, Operations and Policy Research, Inc., was supported solely by USIA funds. It still gets nearly $60,000 a year from USIA, but now also receives money from the Pentagon, the State Department and other government agencies. It will never lack for money ties, because one of Dr. Kirkpatrick's close friends is Vice President Humphrey; and Max M. Kampelman, vice president and attorney for Kirkpatrick's outfit, is one of Washington's leading Establishment liberals.

Even more significant, considering recent disclosures about the Central Intelligence Agency's fiddling with campus affairs, is the fact that OPR, Inc., has received large grants from the Sidney and Esther Rabb Charitable Foundation, one of the foundations identified as a conduit for CIA funds to feed the National Student Association. The Rabb Foundation gave four times as much to Dr. Kirkpatrick's professors as it gave to the students.

Another foundation helping to pay for Dr. Kirkpatrick's work is the Pappas Charitable Trust of Boston. In the last two years, OPR, Inc., has received more than $120,000 from Pappas. It may or may not mean anything, but Pappas also supports the International Development Foundation, Inc., which glows with the suspicion of being a CIA front since it was launched with a grant of $187,685 from the CIA-connected Radio Free Europe and $30,000 from the Beacon Fund, which has been identified by Congressional investigators as having put money into another CIA-conduit foundation, the Kaplan Fund. In 1964 alone, Pappas gave the International Development Foundation $102,000.

Dr. Kirkpatrick says it is "very likely" that these two foundations transmit CIA funds, and acknowledges that in 1963, 1964 and 1965 OPR, Inc., received CIA money, "principally" for studies of Latin American elections. No strings, he says, were attached to these grants.

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Among its other duties, Dr. Kirkpatrick's organization reads and gives expert opinion on books which USIA then plants with commercial publishers—without, let us say, publicizing the sponsorship. One of the houses with which USIA has so worked is Potomac Books, whose secretary is Craig Colgate, Jr., formerly of the CIA.

Dr. Kirkpatrick's group also O.K.'d six books which USIA then published with Robert B. Luce, Inc. Luce—better known at the time as the publisher of *The New Republic*—was also a member of the publishing firm Grayson, Van Roijen and Luce, Inc., which three months after its founding became Potomac Books, Inc.

Nearly as talented a publicist as Dr. Kirkpatrick is his wife, Jeane, who in 1964 edited and wrote the introductory essay for *The Strategy of Deception,* a book which was published by Farrar, Straus, and made a "special alternate selection" by the Book-of-the-Month Club (at no time was it mentioned that the book's creation had been subsidized by the USIA).

The USIA did not pay Farrar, Straus; it paid *The New Leader,* whose editor, the late Sol Levitas, conceived of the book and peddled the idea to USIA. Mrs. Kirkpatrick said she had no idea that the USIA was subsidizing her book—a statement hard to accept, considering that one of its essays ("Communists in the CIO") was written by Kampelman, her husband's close associate in dealings with the USIA.

In the light of subsequent events, the slick brochure distributed by Book-of-the-Month seems almost to spell out the underlying plan. There, amidst patriotic endorsements by former CIA boss Allen W. Dulles and Senators Thomas J. Dodd and Paul H. Douglas, often collaborators in cold-war witch hunting, and Hubert Humphrey, was this note from the book club editors:

> . . . the Book-of-the-Month Club is embarking on a distribution crusade on behalf of the book among institutions of higher education. To match every copy of *The Strategy of Deception* purchased by a member, a com-

West Coast Office

As of this issue, *Frontier* magazine has merged with *The Nation.* A West Coast monthly, *Frontier* has for seventeen years been giving its readers well-informed, ably presented comment on Western and national political and cultural affairs.

The new alliance will strengthen *The Nation*'s coverage, most particularly in observation and comment upon developments in California and the other Western states. More effectively than ever, we shall be able to fulfill the implications of our name: we shall become more truly a magazine of the nation.

The Nation's new West Coast office in Los Angeles will be under the direction of *Frontier*'s publisher, Gifford Phillips, and its editor, Phil Kerby. They are now on *The Nation*'s masthead as associate publisher and associate editor, respectively. We welcome them warmly as partners in our enterprise.

THE EDITORS

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plimentary copy will be sent, pro bono publico, to the library of a college or university in the United States or Canada; and wherever it seems needed, two copies. Also, it will be suggested to the authorities of every such educational institution that the book be made required reading in all social studies and political courses. . . .

It did not matter to the USIA that it is forbidden by law from distributing its propaganda goodies in this country. Apparently it still does not matter, because according to USIA director Leonard Mark's testimony before Congress last year, the practice continues.

The full extent of the cooperation between the USIA and the CIA is just beginning to be uncovered, in their indoctrinating not only of foreigners but also of students in this country. When Congress begins its investigation, it might like to talk with Dr. Kirkpatrick about the extent to which he has induced the nation's political scientists to cooperate.

ROBERT G. SHERRILL

The Time To Negotiate

It is not only Ho Chi Minh who must be forced to the conference table; it is also Lyndon B. Johnson. Neither is completely a free agent: both must take into account changing circumstances, the vicissitudes of war, popular emotions, domestic political pressures. There may come a time when Ho will, all things considered, resign himself to negotiations. If this coincides with a similar situation for Mr. Johnson, obstacles to negotiation will be overridden. But it is also possible for one side or the other to be forced into negotiations by adverse developments, or the prospect thereof. Because of clear American superiority in weapons, this is much more likely to happen to Ho, but it is conceivable for Johnson too. He is under intensified attack from discerning (or apprehensive) Republicans, as well as members of his own party. Among the former, Senator Javits has recently given voice to relatively dovelike sentiments—the result, presumably, of the growing unpopularity of this most unpopular of American wars. Even hawkish sentiment in the polls is less an expression of belligerence than an impatient desire to end the war.

Mr. Johnson interprets every development in foreign affairs as it affects domestic politics. So viewed, it would be a political mischance if the North Vietnamese made unmistakable overtures for negotiations at this time. Mr. Johnson has expressed his heartfelt desire for a peace conference so often that, even if this "signal" were illusory, he might find himself trapped if Ho Chi Minh complied. It is not to be ruled out that Ho might find it expedient to talk—whatever his ulterior motives. His Russian ally is far away, and supplies from that quarter, if shipped entirely by sea, could be cut off by aerial operations against Haiphong. His Chinese ally is in a state of turmoil. For Ho, negotiating might become the lesser evil.

The South Vietnamese are in a condition of political chaos paralleling that of Communist China, only less noisy. No one knows this better than the South Vietnamese army commanders. James Robinson of N.B.C. News recently reported that eight of the ten military field commanders have made accommodations with the Vietcong —and last year 165,000 soldiers deserted. Robinson got this from a "ranking Asian intelligence officer," who compared the situation in South Vietnam to that in China in 1948. "Dry rot of accommodation," this official says, is widespread among the second and third echelons of the South Vietnamese bureaucracy, which is closer to the grass roots than the people in the U.S. Embassy in Saigon or the soothsayers in Washington. There might, then, be conditions in South Vietnam, as well as in the North, favoring an accommodation in the near future.

But how long could an agreement last, unless backed up by American air power and a readiness to renew the war? South Vietnam will shortly have a new constitution, whether on paper or in practical effect remains to be seen. Then elections are to be held. The military junta may remain in power, or there may be some degree of civilian control. In a year or so there *might* be enough stability so that the government could maintain itself against the Vietcong, who, by all indications, will not be wiped out in the countryside then, or any time. A peace no more precarious and hostile than that in Korea might then be established. But a peace made now might well collapse just before the 1968 elections in the United States, and where would that leave Mr. Johnson? On the other hand, a peace settlement a year hence would have a fair chance of enduring at least through the first Tuesday in November.

If, on the contrary, Ho remains obstinate and Mr. Johnson keeps insisting on a *quid pro quo* or the bombs continue to fall on North Vietnam, another danger besets him. American memories hark back to 1952, when General Eisenhower won on the promise to end the Korean War. And he did end it. If the Vietnamese War drags on, and Americans grow intolerably sick of it, there is no insuperable obstacle to a Republican victory in 1968.

No precise calculus can be applied, but these are some of the factors which are operating beneath the visible maneuvers and the audible speeches.

Cronkite's Alarm

Walter Cronkite, a plain and honest man, has had a long look at the United States credibility gap. He finds it frightening. "Today truth and honesty are surrounded by untruth and dishonesty, by dissembling and distortion, by cynicism and disbelief. In the area of government, this is a matter for which we all bear responsibility in a democracy and which should be a matter of direct concern and immediate action."

He thinks the problem not just moral or philosophic —his phrasing—but a real, immediate danger "that could

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directly affect our ability to survive." Therefore the C.B.S. newsman has tendered a criticism of government policy that is extraordinarily harsh, coming from a mild, earnest man dedicated to cool objectivity and avoidance of editorializing, as he nightly reads the news.

With reference to the war in Vietnam, he said: "This Administration and preceding ones did not level with the American people on the nature or scope of the commitment which, I submit, they themselves must have known was one of the ultimates of our policy."

Moreover, "misleading of the public has become general armed forces policy." And Cronkite's blasts carried beyond Vietnam. He made substantially the same charges in connection with the holding of aluminum prices and the Cuban missile crisis.

However, Cronkite did not broadcast these interesting views—based on his long news experience and deep belief in democracy—on his evening news program. He delivered them on February 9 in the comparative obscurity of a Johns Hopkins University lecture hall. It is as if James Reston were to correct in the *Columbia Journalism Review* errors he committed in *The New York Times*. Cronkite has a primary responsibility to his millions of viewers. It is to them he should be addressing his alarm about Administration deception.

What is perhaps even more disturbing than the uneasy feeling one gets that Cronkite's talk was mere rhetoric is the newsman's unquestioning acceptance of a governmental basic premise. "Our problem," he said, "is how the nation can be kept informed and how it can be given all the information that is necessary for the viable function of a democracy while denying to the potential enemy the information which is capital to his cause."

But that, basically, is the Pentagon view. Since World War II, the government has extended its definition of the state of war to encompass total war, undeclared war, hot and cold war, hence potential war. In such a state of perpetual terror, "the potential enemy" is always with us, free access to information is forever denied, and Cronkite really has no cause for complaint.

If Cronkite did not mean that, he should say on the air exactly what he did mean.

Off the Land

From the Mississippi Delta come stories like this one by Gene Roberts in *The New York Times*: Locket Mayze, a 59-year-old Negro former sharecropper, is speaking. "I didn't hardly work at all last year. When the cap'n told me he wouldn't even have that much work for me this year, I up and left. The best week I had last year was $15, and that was a mighty unusual week."

Mr. Mayze, his wife and eight children, are now living in an abandoned house owned by a Negro friend. He told the reporter that he could not remember when he last had a dollar in his pocket. His family has been subsisting on surplus farm products, except that he was given a hog's head by a friend; that was an occasion. He is a poor possibility for retraining because of his age. "I never had me hardly any schooling," he says, "and all I know is farm work. I don't know what I'll do now."

Some 100,000 Negroes—counting women and children—don't know either. The prospect is that they will be deprived of all farm income this year. The pretext is the new $1-an-hour minimum wage law, which became effective on February 1. The Delta Council, an organization of cotton planters, announces that thousands of workers will be "replaced" by even more intensive use of weed-killing chemicals and mechanical cotton pickers. In just four Delta counties some 12,000 families are about to be dispossessed. Up to now they have been allowed to remain in their shacks on the plantations and live on welfare and surplus commodities, but even this marginal existence is coming to an end.

Michael J. Piore, an assistant professor of economics at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, spent his Christmas vacation in Mississippi and talked to Amzie Moore, the leader of the civil rights movement in the four counties. He was impressed by Mr. Moore—"an intelligent, articulate and sophisticated man." Moore believes, as do most disinterested observers in the Delta, that the planters see the minimum wage as an opportunity to rid themselves of "their" remaining Negroes. In a number of Delta counties Negroes now constitute a majority of registered voters. Evicting Negroes is one way of turning a majority into a minority. An additional incentive is that the minimum wage applies only to farms with seven or more employees; below that figure, old sharecropping levels of compensation may be retained.

Those Negroes who had some chance of finding work in centers like Chicago, Detroit and Ohio cities have already left Mississippi and Alabama. Those left are described by an official of the Economic Research Service of the Department of Agriculture as possibly the "real hard core" of Southern Negro poverty. If these last victims migrate likewise, they will have to be supported on "welfare" wherever they relocate. There is no social or economic advantage whatever in forcing them from the places where they have lived all their lives into Northern ghettos.

Some form of rural resettlement, combined with industrial development and training for those who can be trained, is clearly in order. The Canadian Baby Bonus Plan, discussed by Ian Sclanders in *The Nation* ("Bonus for Babies," February 17, 1964) was considered at some length in recent sessions of Senator Ribicoff's committee. This kind of family income is not a novel idea, and there is a wealth of experience to recommend it, but there is need for immediate emergency action to mitigate the effects of the impending social disaster in the South.

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THOSE 'MAD' CHINESE

MORTON H. FRIED

Mr. Fried, chairman of the Department of Anthropology, Columbia University, and member of the East Asian Institute, is the author of Fabric of Chinese Society *(Praeger).*

The predominant feeling among those who should know better seems to be that the Chinese have collectively gone mad in the present crisis. Sinologues and Pekinologists see what is happening as a struggle for succession to the powers of a sick and dying Mao; as an attempt by an old man to cleanse a failing revolution of waste products and restore a flaming *élan*; as a form of Oriental madness, a Chinese version of the Malay amok, which only an anthropologist would seek to explain.

The explanation of current Chinese events in terms of a hypothetical form of social madness is widely acceptable, perhaps, because it leaves the Chinese in a behavioral vacuum: they are acting as they are for reasons that have nothing to do with the United States or anything we have done in the past. Another plausible reason for the success of the theory is to be found in our faith that whom the gods would destroy they first make mad. Certainly *U.S. News & World Report* and *Fortune* look forward, as they have for almost eighteen years, to the momentary collapse of the Red Chinese state.

Whatever the basis for the popularity of the "madness" hypothesis, it has one crippling disability: it predicts nothing, offers no basis on which alternative courses may be plotted with any security as to the probabilities involved. Since China is, in a sense, the fuse in the bomb of contemporary international relations, the present status of our understanding is not merely ridiculous but suicidal. There is, however, another possible view.

This alternative interpretation of recent events in China dispenses with the notion that what is happening is in any significant way irrational or uncontrolled. This does not mean that each development is planned or that the tactical commands emanate from one source. There is real conflict and, as most analysts have already pointed out, there is an incipient civil war; one of the puzzles here to be discussed is why it remains incipient under conditions so conducive to outbreak.

At the core of my analysis is one assumption, but it requires no great flight of fancy. I assume that the Lin-Mao power faction (Lin Piao, Minister of Defense and *de facto* head of the military establishment, and Mao Tse-tung) believes that probably in 1967 or 1968, certainly within a very few years, America will attack, eventually invade, the People's Republic of China. From this assumption, bolstered daily by some action of the United States, some statement by one of our high officials, or some pronouncement by a current or former U.S. military leader, the present events in China flow as easily as spring freshets after a rain. The hard-line Maoists, expecting war and invasion, expect also to win it. Indeed, they welcome such a war and will do what they can to provoke it. But to win it, they must reverse some of the trends that have been growing in China for more than a decade. To win, they cannot rely on massed armies, big factories, orderly supply columns or centralized political control. They believe, and there is reason to agree with them, that reliance on such things will insure rapid defeat. And it is their view not merely that reliance upon these things *in war* will lead to the defeat of the Lin-Mao China but that reliance upon them *at the present time* will produce conditions leading inexorably to that defeat. It is therefore incumbent on the Lin-Mao group immediately to eradicate centralized government, urban domination of the society, concentrated industrial plants, even conventionally structured education.

If such a program can be realized, Lin and Mao will return China to structural conditions closely resembling those which they manipulated so brilliantly during the thirties and forties until, to the incredulity of the whole world, including the Soviet Union, they emerged victorious and grasped national control. Under such conditions, China becomes a vast trap. The invader may take almost any strong point he wishes, but at high cost, and always with the proviso that the terrain between strong points belongs to the guerrillas, as does almost everything in the night. Under such conditions, as Mao and more lately Lin Piao have confidently stated, the enemy, the United States, becomes the service of supply upon which the guerrilla armies rely.

With such a program the Lin-Mao group also disposes of the complex question that haunted Chinese strategy considerations for ten years until the emergence of the Red Guard movement.* This is the question of "Red or expert." There was a time when the idealistic zeal that so frequently clouds issues in Communist China indicated the solution of "Red *and* expert," but that was buried in the debris of the first Great Leap Forward. Now the Lin-Mao group relegates expertise to an inferior place in its scheme. The only form of expertise it encourages is that found in the thought of Mao Tse-tung, especially those portions of the ideology which deal with the science of resistance, struggle and guerrilla war.

The present relationship between China and the Soviet Union can be explained in terms of the analysis already made. Before elaborating on that acrimony, however, I want to take a look at the counter camp, which has been the butt of most of the Red Guard activity.

The faction in China against which the Lin-Mao group concentrates its force and venom is, as has been remarked by most of the experts, the main personnel of the Chinese Communist Party, together with nonparty managers of almost all kinds. Just as the figurehead of the Red Guard

*The present Red Guard is not the first to appear in Chinese communism. Mao speaks of Red Guards in his writings of the late twenties and early thirties, though the forces in question were not quite the same as those today, being more like a Red militia. At present there are actually two Red Guard movements, called by different names. We are familiar with the youth group; the other, deliberately counter to this movement, and closer to the militia of the past, is made up of peasants and workers.

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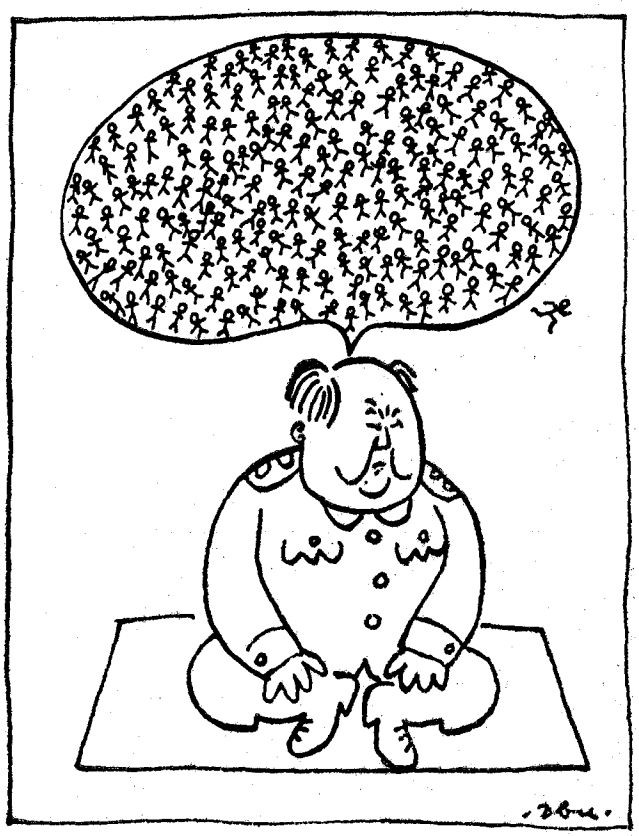
is the party chairman, Mao Tse-tung, so the figurehead of the party is the head of state, Liu Shao-ch'i. The idea of persecuting a President while he remains in office, of adolescents making him stand on a table and publicly confess his sins (and doing the same to his wife) is so ludicrous that it seems to confirm the hypothesis of social madness in China. Can there be logical motivation for such behavior? To answer this question, we must assess what the Liu faction, the "proper" Communist Party faction, stands for.

Once again we need to make only one assumption and, as before, it arises from the facts as they have been reported. I assume that the Liu faction has maintained connections with the Soviet Union and to some degree represents the influence of Moscow. More than that, this faction presumably operates at least in part according to information from Moscow, and one salient bit of information from that source has been the assurance that Soviet military capacity shields China from American invasion. It guarantees that any American attack on China will be taken as an attack on Russia, with all the consequences that naturally follow.

Working from this assumption, it is reasonable to believe that the Liu faction favors development of China along lines that have already proved successful in the Soviet Union. This means concentration on industrial development, with associated emphasis on urban areas, unified military forces, centralized political structure and conventional educational development. To assist in the realization of this program the Liu faction is willing to rely on Soviet assistance, and that means a return to conditions of some years ago, when Russian specialists were



Abu, London; Ben Roth

Beaton, Toronto Telegram; Ben Roth

numerous in China and Russian credits were a necessary supplement to Chinese capital development. It also means accepting once more various negative conditions, some relating to border definition and maintenance (as in Sinkiang, Mongolia and Manchuria), and to a degree of Russian intervention in Chinese internal politics.

I believe that the Liu faction thinks it most unlikely that the United States will actually invade, and therefore concentrates on making China a world power in conventional terms. This means that the Liu faction stresses the role of expertise; but as matters evolved elsewhere in the Communist world, it now also means that they can stress "Red" as that term is usually understood outside Maoism. The Liu point of view accepts bureaucracy and, without taking a formal position in the matter, condones the emergence of a "new class," rather like that which survived Stalin and rode out the Soviet interregnum to reach the stable conditions of Russia in recent years. As a by-product, it also accepts routinization and consequently looks forward to the destruction of the personality cult of Mao with its charismatic convulsions.

Against that background, I submit, present events in China are revealed as anything but insane. While certainly violent, they can be seen as rational consequences of a basic split in strategy between the two factions now locked in a real contest for power. It is not, then, merely a battle for succession, at a time when Mao is in failing health, or worse (which I think may be the case). The real struggle is between camps holding totally antagonistic views as to how China's current problems can be solved. Obviously much more is implied on lower levels: there is, at the least, the opportunity afforded to the young and "out" to displace the old and "in" by destroying the established party structure. Actually, this is not a new theme within the young Chinese Communist state; one can read Franz Schurmann's *Ideology and Organization in Communist China* from this perspective and spot the latent impulses.

At this point, one may expect the question: "Why is so

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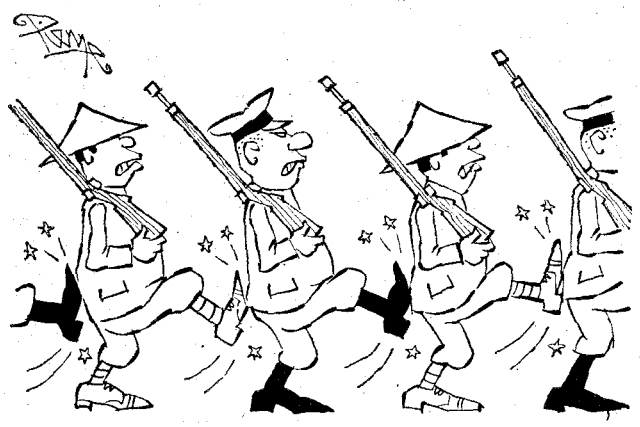
much hostility directed at the Soviet Union in the present movement?" The answer is implicit in what has gone before, but then we must turn to more difficult questions.

The Red Guard hostility to Russia reflects the Maoist fear that Soviet Communists are misled by their own interests. This faction does not credit assurances of the Russian will and power to forestall American attack on China. Why should it? The USSR has on occasions past completely misread the Chinese Communist revolution and its prospects and offered direction and advice that led to disaster.

Even were this not enough, the Lin-Mao faction disagrees because it *wants* the coming war, seeing it more



Pierre, Aux Ecoutes (Paris): Ben Roth

or less as the second version of a previous triumph. It doesn't really fear nuclear weapons, because it plans to decentralize. Having no political or industrial centers, and in general placing little reliance on cities, it sees no greater danger in the U.S. nuclear threat than there was in the Japanese bombing potential of the earlier war. What is more, the present failure of United States bombing in North *and* South Vietnam confirms the belief that air power, whether conventional or nuclear, is not decisive in the kind of war that the Lin-Mao faction expects to fight. On the contrary, its theorists look to such a war as a means of bleeding the United States until it loses the support of all its allies and finally suffers structural disintegration to the point that it can no longer meet its internal problems.

The Lin-Mao faction is willing to apply almost any degree of force to the Soviet Union because it anticipates only disaster from that direction. Worse than overt military interference would be any Soviet attempt to encourage centralized development of the Chinese economy, a development that would create incentives for the maintenance of peace.

There are two further questions which I consider more difficult to answer. The first asks why the Russians have not been more active in China than they seem to have been. Why hasn't there been an attempt to apply the kind of solution that the Soviet Union used in Hungary in 1956—that is, military support of the Liu faction? The second asks why the present Chinese revolution has been so disciplined and contained.

The first question has certain obscure aspects to which I cannot here turn. However, in the grossest approach, the limitations on Soviet intervention are similar to those that inhibit an American invasion. Even if the USSR took the position that it was intervening on behalf of President Liu Shao-ch'i, and assuming that he made a public request for such aid, Russia would still be undertaking a military adventure in a vast quagmire of land and people. The Kremlin may already have reviewed this situation and come to a firm "*nyet*," despite the urgings of such generals as may believe in the total efficacy of military power.

I find the answer to the second question much more baffling; it must be synthesized from a great many disparate elements. Workers and peasants have not been doing badly by Chinese standards. There have been uprisings, but conditions in the countryside have not yet provoked a real desire to attack and eliminate the Maoists, although further anti-materialistic Maoist excesses could produce the necessary reaction in short order.

Within the party itself, the word, I am sure, is restraint. A situation like the present one could easily bring the whole edifice of communism crashing to the ground, and the party hierarchy must be awake to the danger. The ideological revolution in China seems to have far outdistanced its technological and economic base, and a thoroughgoing counterrevolution is a definite possibility. Accordingly, successive steps must be taken carefully and in such a way as to minimize the shocks to the revolution that have already occurred. The party is thus forced to take a great deal of punishment to achieve the position that will enable it to consolidate advances without sacrificing fundamental accomplishments.

Although it goes beyond the scope of this article, I should like to add some suggestions about the present international activities of the United States as they affect the crisis in China. Specifically, I believe that our present involvement in Vietnam aids the Lin-Mao faction and may be the factor that brings it victory in the present struggle.

The presence of some 400,000 American combat troops on the Asian mainland, and the continued bombing of areas lying just beyond the boundaries of China powerfully support the Lin-Mao contention that the United States plans to invade China. It is essential that real steps be taken to prove that the United States is intent on disengaging in Vietnam. The bombing should stop immediately, with every indication that it is a permanent and unilateral action. Thereafter, and as rapidly as possible, there should be some troop withdrawals. This would strengthen the sector that opposes Lin and Mao, and might so alter conditions as to bring victory to the Liu forces in the present internal struggle. This would not solve the world's problems, but it would offer the possibility of developments in Asia similar to those that have occurred in Eastern Europe since the death of Stalin.

We need not stand helpless as events in China drift toward a condition that almost guarantees World War III. To be sure, appropriate action requires great political sagacity and daring. In view of the alternatives there is no real choice, and hesitation itself leads to defeat.

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U.S. CIVIL SERVICE

REBELS ON THE POTOMAC

ROBERT G. SHERRILL

Washington, D.C.

Of the many things precious to the United States Civil Service Commission (orthodox patriotism, orthodox sex and absolute obedience are all near the top of its list), nothing is held quite so dear as the concept of bossism, in the abstract and on the hoof. As a result, labor-management relations in the federal service is of a quality that (to use Washington *Star* reporter Joseph Young's description of a particular agency) "would have brought tears of envy to the industrial barons of old."

To the USCS, nothing is as sanctified as authority. The chain of command is and must remain inviolable. Not even national security is considered of greater importance. Kicking around on appeal now is a State Department case in which an employee in West Germany turned in his superior for slipping into East Germany to telephone someone in Poland. The subordinate paid for his zeal by being fired. Much earlier, in a case coming out of the Federal Housing Authority, an employee who accused three of his superiors of misconduct was dismissed. True, the three bosses were also fired for fraud, misuse of public funds and other improper conduct; the subordinate was discharged simply for reporting them.

Don't complain; don't criticize the boss; don't start trouble. These are the cardinal principles of the Civil Service Commission. Government employees understand this without being told, but sometimes they get it in writing. A memorandum in a Montana office of the Federal Aviation Agency reads like this:

> Subject: Grievances
> To: All Employees
>
> It is an employee's right to file a grievance as outlined in the directives or to write a letter to his Congressman.
>
> The consequences of doing either of these should be considered by the employee. It appears to me that unless a clean-cut and remedial situation exists, the chances are that your letter will do you more harm than good.
>
> In the case of a letter of grievance, your superior will be called upon to justify his decision. He is not likely to do that by emphasizing your virtues. *In other words, you are laying your career on the line for this grievance.* . . . (Emphasis added.)

That's clear enough. William F. McKee, FAA administrator, claims that the memorandum was "completely contrary to agency policy and procedure," but it was in effect three years and not until last January 25, when Sen. Samuel J. Ervin, Jr., protested did he get around to canceling it.

A man who joined the federal service as a laborer kept pressing for promotion to the grade of machinist. He had come into government work with twenty years' experience as a machinist and he wanted to make use of it. But his bosses—this was at the Barstow, Calif., Marine Corps Supply Center—didn't like the way he tried to sell them on his abilities, and he shortly received a letter from the industrial relations officer warning that "should you continue to be dissatisfied with the management of this center, the future of your employment at this installation will be in doubt."

There are numerous ways of getting rid of a "troublemaker" who does his job very well and cannot be discharged for cause. One of the most common is to "reorganize" the office in such a way that his position is eliminated. This is done not only to get rid of troublemakers but also to make an opening for one of the boss's pals. For example, an office of the National Aviation Facilities Experimental Center was jockeyed around until one of the compliance and security officers was squeezed out. He was ranked as a GS-12. At the same time, the same job was reinstated at a higher rank (GS-13), and a man with less experience, less government service and less education was transferred into it from New York. Only a hard fight by the American Federation of Government Employees (AFGE) won a reversal on that one, but the bosses in the USCS get away with similar maneuvers all the time.

Another ingenious way to get rid of an employee who rubs his superior the wrong way is to have him discharged, or retired, as a mental case. This is far more common than one might suppose. A study of 100,000 persons pensioned by the government between 1955 and 1962 showed that the third-ranking reason for leaving government work (behind heart trouble, 43,000, and ailments of the bones and joints, 21,000) was "nervous system disease," 13,300. Leading the list of these was "psychoneuroses," 6,271. In other words, 13 per cent of the pensions were given for mental or nervous disorders, and half of these were for the nebulous "psychoneuroses"—whatever that covers. The second-ranking nervous disorder was "schizophrenia," 2,293. And what is that? Dr. Karl Menninger told the Senate Constitutional Rights Subcommittee that if someone told him a man had "schizoid trends," that "would mean to me that he is like 50 million other Americans." Of course, some of these "nervous" people voluntarily left government service, but a Civil Service Commission survey covering the years 1954 to 1964 showed that half of the mental-nervous pensioners departed under protest.

If the Civil Service brass decides to hang a "psychoneurosis" label on an employee, there's not much he can do to get rid of it unless he is lucky enough to have the AFGE or one of the other unions fighting for him, demanding that a private rather than a government psychiatrist be consulted. If the worker is on his own, he's as good as out. There is no due process, no hearing either before or after the examination. The worker is told he needs "attention" and is ordered to undergo examination by a Civil Service psychiatrist. If he refuses, he can of course be discharged for disobeying an order. If he agrees to the examination, he thereby becomes a

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party to his own destruction. USCS psychiatrists, knowing that the "patient" wouldn't have been sent to them if somebody up the line were not unhappy with his work, are inclined to find that he is too nervous or too nuts to hold down his job.

The worker never gets to see the psychiatrist's report. He doesn't know if he has been marked down as a mild nervous case or a raving maniac. All he knows is that he will carry a semi-nut reputation for the rest of his professional career, with no way to disprove it at once or modify it later. With that on his record, it is not easy to move back into private industry.

A brilliant but quarrelsome doctor was recently dismissed from the National Institutes of Health as a "psycho." He was not even put through the routine mental examination, but was instead arbitrarily shoved out the door with a pension for life—a $470 a month pension which, at the age of 42, he did not want. When I talked to him, he sounded and acted sane enough; a conversation may not be the best proof of sanity, but on the other hand the Civil Service Commission had come up with not one scrap of evidence to indicate that he is mad. The only thing that has been proved against him is that some of his superiors disliked him.

A woman employed in the Defense Department has four times been ordered to be examined by a government psychiatrist and four times has refused, going instead to her own physician, who each time pronounced her calm and normal. Surprisingly, she has not yet been fired, although she faces charges of insubordination.

The most common method for getting rid of an employee who has ruffled the chain of command is to keep book on him, to watch his every activity, to scrape and rescrape through his original job application in search of technical defects, and then accuse him of "falsification." Charles Scanlan, one of the top attorneys for the AFGE, has noted: "If they want to find something to fire you for, it is a rare worker who can escape their searchings."

One of the most spectacular examples of this kind of harassment came out of Redstone Arsenal in Alabama. Billy J. White, Jr., an equipment specialist, made an error in filing a travel voucher. He had worked for the government twelve years and served in the armed forces five years without a blemish on his record. He overcharged the government 2c a mile, by mistake. When it was called to his attention, he filed a corrected voucher, but his superior refused to accept it and filed a charge of attempted fraud. An appeals examiner looked into the case and judged White to be innocent and advised the government to drop the charges. It might have done so, but White belonged to the AFGE and unions are hated by the brass at Redstone. The commanding officer, Maj. Gen. John G. Zierdt, refused to withdraw the charges. But union lawyers got White reinstated on a technicality; the next day, knowing that the military was out to get him, White resigned with the understanding that his separation form would not contain derogatory information.

Instead, Redstone authorities refiled the charges and had him arrested by the FBI. He posted bond and looked for work elsewhere, but coudn't find it because civil service officials—going back on their word—had inserted in his record that he quit while facing criminal charges. With the AFGE's help, he cleared his name, but only after a three-year fight and after the union had spent thousands of dollars to destroy the charges. This particular piece of governmental anti-unionism cost the U.S. taxpayers $30,000.

The commanding officer of the Panama Canal Zone got rid of two complaining government workers (one of whom was president of his union local) for committing the grievous crimes of writing a letter to the editor of the local newspaper and circulating a round-robin letter protesting police conditions. The U.S. Civil Service Commission upheld the firings, so the workers have had to take their case to the U.S. Supreme Court as a free-speech issue.

Most government workers belong to no union and most have no money to fight in the courts, so if the Civil Service Commission chooses to abuse them, there is little they can do about it. Typical of their ranks is Bruce Argon, an electronics specialist who was hired by NASA a couple of years ago after an exemplary dozen years in private industry. He did all right with NASA until one day he suggested to his boss that it might be just as well if he, the boss, came in a little more sober. After that, everything turned sour.

A couple of months later he was fired for having "falsified" his original job application. Going over his record with a currycomb, civil service investigators had found an omission covering four months in his work career. He had spent the time with a company that later went bankrupt.

That was not the end of his former boss's revenge. Argon, a year after being discharged by NASA, is still unemployed. All doors are closed to him in private electronics industry, which wants nothing to do with an employee who offended the contract givers at NASA. What is the *full* report in his files which seemingly has destroyed his career? NASA will not tell him; his files are closed to him; he is not permitted to face his shadowy accusers and rebut their accusations.

The U.S. Civil Service can survive a reputation for bullying and abusive insistence upon conformity. But it is doubtful that it could survive the demolition of its basic myth, which is that one rises through the ranks solely by competition and demonstrated merit. Pamphlet No. 5, issued by the USCS to prospective college applicants, makes the typical claim: "Most federal jobs are under civil service, and that means that they are filled through competitive examination and that employment and advancement are on the basis of merit. Appointments are made from among the people who receive the highest passing marks. This is the democratic way of choosing employees."

This may or may not be the democratic way, but it is not the way of the USCS. For the most part, only clerical, secretarial and manual workers are hired through competitive examinations. The blue-collar jobs, the routine office jobs—these are filled competitively. It is true that numerically they make up the bulk of government

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employment, but they are not the jobs that shape the character of government service.

Anything resembling a "professional" job is *not* filled via a competitive examination. Any *good* job in government can be had by manipulating the right credentials and the boss's whim. The USCS admits that 14 per cent of the jobs are filled on a noncompetitive basis, and while the percentage is probably much higher, even that comes to 340,000 jobs—the cream positions.

The Civil Service Commission claims that patronage scarcely touches its hem, but it is an empty boast. President Johnson or his chief patronage muscle man, Marvin Watson, personally interview candidates for the highest civil service jobs (about 1,000 positions in grades GS-17 and GS-18) and they are slowly beginning to work down into the GS-16s and GS-15s (another 16,000 positions).

Merit promotions are part of the legend that is slow to die. Most professionals under USCS will tell you that positions in the top eight ranks are customarily filled on the basis of personal friendship or patronage. There is a promotional board in each agency or division, and when it is confronted with three or four applicants qualified for a promotion, the board can be expected to pick one who will most closely collaborate with the Establishment; the one who will "fit in," not the fellow who has different ideas and may be a bit argumentative about them.

The system does not work well. It leaves a deep residue of bitterness. While the quit rate for government work is 8.5 per cent, the retirement rate is 22 per cent; for many talented professionals—stuck for years at the same rating while they watch the boss's favorites climb the ladder—take a pension at the first opportunity.

This is especially true of civilians who work with the Pentagon agencies where the top positions are, through the "buddy" system, often held open for retiring officers who shuck their uniforms, wait the required six months, and then come in the back door wearing civilian clothes to sit again at their old desk—but at a 50 to 100 per cent pay raise (combining their civilian pay with their military pension). One labor union's estimate is that 200,000 retired officers are now in government work, drawing two checks and crowding out the promotional chances of the career civilians.

Here and there the curtain of bureaucracy is pushed back to permit the entry of more individual freedom. AFGE attorney Elmer Neumann has forced one agency actually to write into its regulations that an employee on trial is innocent until proved guilty—a belief not yet widespread in the USCS. A U. S. appeals court ruled recently that an Oregon postal worker was not violating the Hatch Act when he spoke to a meeting of a county Democratic Central Committee. Previously, although Postmaster General Lawrence O'Brien could serve as the Democrat's No. 1 ward heeler on behalf of the President, the lowly letter carriers had to act politically deaf and dumb.

And Civil Service Commissioner Macy has promised—after reams of unfavorable publicity—to cut down on the number of questionnaires in which workers are repeatedly asked to state whether or not they are content with their sex life. One of the more civilized improve-

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ments was Macy's recent order that applicants are no longer required to list arrests for minor crimes committed before their 21st birthday (it used to be that all arrests after 16th birthday, whether charges were dismissed or not, had to be listed on the job application). At the same time he announced a policy of hiring "good-risk" former offenders. No, the U. S. Civil Service is not without hope; it is only thickly crusted with the inhumanity of big bureaucracy.

And to cope with that, outside scrubbing will be necessary. This may come with Senator Ervin's "Bill of Rights" legislation, which will, among other things:

Forbid asking any employee or applicant his race or religion.

Forbid the "indoctrination" of employees about any matter not related to their jobs.

Forbid any agency from requiring workers to take a psychological or polygraph test to get information about their private lives or sexual habits.

Forbid grilling a worker about suspected misconduct unless he has a lawyer at hand.

Forbid pressuring workers to buy U.S. Bonds or make charitable contributions.

Changes such as these would go a long way toward making a government job what it is—a job, and not a commitment. But these are not bread-and-butter reforms. Union men believe that while the USCS is being shaken up, it should also be forced to establish safeguards against what one AFGE lawyer called the "present murky labyrinth of administrative laissez faire." At present the agency that wants to fire an employee holds all the aces: it has the records, the witnesses, the lawyers, the exhibits. The agency makes the charges, prosecutes them, hears them, judges them.

The unions—and a great many nonunion workers as well—want a "public defender" for such affairs, a lawyer not beholden to the agency or to the USCS. They want a panel on the order of those appointed by the National Labor Relations Board to hear and judge the case. They want faster and surer appeals; more open files and more chance to face their accusers.

In short, a great many government workers are beginning—in the very decorous way that one must expect from government workers—to rebel. And if they continue to do so, the result is likely to be the greatest cleansing agent introduced into Washington since the British torch.

ON LOCATION IN ROSTOV

FILMING THE NEW REVOLUTION

DESMOND SMITH

Mr. Smith spent five weeks in Russia last fall as writer, director and producer of Ivan Ivanovich, *a filmed portrait of a Soviet family living in Rostov-on-Don. The documentary is being shown on the A.B.C. television network on February 27.*

I had arrived from Saigon the night before. At 9:30 in the morning, George Watson, A.B.C.'s Moscow correspondent, telephoned me at the Hotel National to say that if I would join him in the lobby, we could get on over to Novosti, the Soviet News Agency, and meet the officials responsible for making the arrangements for our film production. Since Watson had not arrived when I got downstairs, I walked into the Intourist office. Half-hidden by a group of wildly excited ladies, each wearing a kind of convention pin that read HADASSAH and the name of the wearer hand-inked, a very tall woman with blue hair was trying to establish order.

"Ladies! Ladies!" she shouted, "has anyone seen Mrs. Shapiro today?"

A sunburned matron ventured that she might be at the Central Synagogue. "She said so. She said she was going to distribute matzohs."

During this exchange, an Intourist guide was addressing a German tour group about the wonders of the Kremlin, a Japanese workers' delegation was attempting to confirm reservations to Tokyo, three very solemn-looking Hungarians at the currency-exchange counter were arguing about the price in *zlotys* of a gold medallion of Lenin, and a pretty young Intourist official was running around pleading: "Please do not smoke because we have no ventilation." Whether Mrs. Shapiro ever returned from the Central Synagogue I shall never know. At that moment Watson arrived.

Novosti headquarters is a modern concrete and glass building located just behind the Pushkin monument and the new "Russia," a super wide-screen movie house, in midtown Moscow. A display window on either side of the entrance was filled with blowups of Soviet parachute-club activities. Inside, we were greeted by Vadim Yakkovleff, our A.B.C. Moscow interpreter, who led us upstairs to the office of Vladimir Angarski, the Novosti official chiefly responsible for our production.

The film, *Ivan Ivanovich*, was based on an idea of Thomas H. Wolf, vice president in charge of documentaries at A.B.C. Wolf had talked to me earlier in the year about making an objective report about life for an ordinary Soviet family in the Kosygin era. Then, after a trip to Vietnam, he had flown to Moscow and patiently negotiated an agreement with Novosti. One interesting point in this agreement was the choice of a city other than Moscow for the filming. The location was to be Rostov-on-Don, a city about the size of Milwaukee, 900 miles south of the Soviet capital.

Before production could start we had to provide Novosti with a shooting outline. So a few days later, Angarski, Watson, Yakkovleff and I flew down to Rostov. We were met by trade union officials from the

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giant Rostselmash (Rostov Farm Machinery) factory, the biggest combine-harvester plant in the Soviet Union. Novosti had asked Rostselmash to propose several families, Watson and I to make the final selection. By the end of the week we had settled on the Maltsevs, who lived in a four-and-a-half-room apartment at 51 Kazakhsaya Street, a housing project owned by the factory. Both Vladimir and his wife Anya worked for Rostselmash. They had two children, Natasha aged 14, and Sascha, 11. For the rest of our preliminary visit, we examined locations where the picture would be shot; in the evenings I worked on the shooting outline.

We returned to Moscow, greeted our camera crew on its arrival via Air France and departed again from Vnukovo airport at mid-morning, in light drizzling rain. I would not have believed that any plane could be so crowded. We were sitting four abreast, on either side of a narrow aisle, with no leg room at all. At first I thought some passengers were actually standing; then, it turned out, they were just visiting friends up and down the cabin. John Gunther mentioned in *Inside Russia* the extraordinary informality of Soviet flights; it is still true. Watson and I thought it might be interesting to visit the flight deck. The gray uniformed stewardess simply said, "*Pazhaloosta*!"—please!—and we were escorted up forward.

In contrast to the passengers who were scrunched up in unbelievable discomfort, the crew had quarters that called to mind the bridge of an ocean liner. The flight deck was built on two levels. At the front, in a plexiglass nose, was the navigator. Above and behind him sat the pilot, co-pilot and flight engineer. In his own compartment the radio operator followed the plane's course by radar and short-wave transmitter. When we asked the captain how much he got paid a month, he replied with a smile, "two hundred rubles—plenty left over for vodka and sausage!" It is, by Soviet standards, an excellent salary, roughly twice that of a factory worker.

The landscape here, as we looked down, resembled an enormous gray-green Chinese tea tray. The great plain rolled on and on as far as the eye could see. There was no middle distance, no softening haze. Two hours later we skirted the Don River and put down at Rostov in bright warm sunshine.

Rostov-on-Don is a neat town. The tree-lined streets are literally as clean as a parlor floor, kept that way by squads of old ladies wielding hefty twig brooms. Moscow was as chilly as New York in November; Rostov had the warmth of New York in June. It looks like an old Culver Brothers photograph of Boston at the turn of the century. Like most river cities, it has a mood of languor with a contradictory note of bustle. Engels Street—the Main Street of Rostov—is crowded with people shopping or just promenading. Kiosks are abundant, selling cut flowers (25c a bunch), gifts (jewelry from East Germany, cut glass from the Ukraine). One notices that few dogs are to be seen. Our hotel, the Moskovskaya, fronts on Engels Street and has a view of the Gorky Park of Culture and Rest. Electricity seemed in short supply when we were there. The hotel foyer, with some forty lights in the ceiling, was almost always in darkness. On the other hand, the hotel had the best restaurant in town, and it is one of the few places in Russia where table service comes with a smile. In fact, I cannot think of another. At Moscow's Hotel National, generally recognized as the Soviet Union's leading hotel, it is by no means uncommon to wait an hour for a menu, and a dinner guest can expect to devote three hours to the meal. The Soviet press has recently been encouraging a courtesy campaign among restaurant workers. Perhaps it is not altogether the fault of the overburdened waiters and waitresses, but even in Russia, who blames the customer?

Only in one respect did our filming procedure differ from the customary method of unruffled chaos. Novosti insisted on overseeing every single foot of film we exposed. On the other hand, we never felt ourselves

restricted by the supervision. All of our color film was sent out of the Soviet Union undeveloped, and time and again, Novosti people went out of their way to be helpful. Once we needed some special candles for a birthday-party sequence. "Impossible to find," somebody said. A few hours later, Galya, our bright young Novosti coordinator, presented me with a lumpy newspaper-wrapped parcel. It contained more than 100 coffee-colored candles, the length and thickness of spaghetti.

"*Pazhaloosta*!" Galya said. "I simply went and asked at the cathedral!"

The first scene we were going to shoot, No. 24, read:

LONG, MEDIUM, CLOSE-UPS: GORKY PARK

General shots of leisure activity, strolling, sitting, gossiping, reading, playing; by and large we should try to film this in a covert, candid manner.

As we moved across Engels Street and into Gorky Park our film unit reminded me of the moment in *The Wizard of Oz* when Dorothy leads the Tin Woodman, the Lion and the Scarecrow, in search of the Emerald City. The pursuit of reality in a television documentary is conducted by a similar cast. The entrance to the park was plastered with posters advertising the current movies—*War and*

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Peace, The Chairman (a satire on Soviet bureaucracy), *Ashes and Diamonds.* Above these stood a black granite statue of Lenin, pointing histrionically toward the sky.

Dispersing to the side of the footpath, we stalked forward in the direction of what looked like a mass ping-pong tournament. ONWARD TOWARD COMMUNISM! commanded a poster by the side of the path. Ralph Mayher, the cameraman, began to glance sideways at me, anticipating a suggestion that we begin filming.

Galya stepped forward, brown notebook in hand. "You want film here?" she said.

"Certainly. The action's good."

"*Pazhaloosta*!" Galya said.

A heap of Kodak color film was stacked in the shade. Under a birch tree sat Watson, with Vadim Yakkovleff, the interpreter; Boris and Ilya, two Moscow electricians hired through Novosti; Tanya the Intourist interpreter; Vladimir Angarski, the Novosti executive in charge of our team; Viktor, Watson's Moscow chauffeur, and John Digman, the sound engineer. All of them were vitally important in one way or another for the making of *Ivan Ivanovich.*

At about 8:30 on another morning, as we were waiting outside the Moskovskaya for our cars to arrive, a small crowd gathered around our two dozen or so cases of camera equipment, all of them marked with the A.B.C. initials. The bystanders gazed upon these and presently were roaring with laughter. Tania walked over to find out what the joke was.

"Very amusing," said Tania.

"Forgive me," I asked, "but what's so funny about a collection of black boxes?"

"Well you see, someone in that group has just spelled out the meaning of A.B.C."

"And . . . ?"

"Armenian Broadcasting Company!"

I learned then of Radio Armenianski, the mythical radio station that broadcasts all kinds of satiric comment on the Soviet way of life. There must be thousands of Radio Armenianski jokes; here is just one. A guest on a Radio Armenianski discussion program says: "I'm confused. In one political textbook I read that when communism arrives we shall have no money. But now in another textbook I read that we shall have money. Which book is right?" The discussion leader: "Both books are right. Under communism, some people will have money and some will not."

The Soviet Union today is, of course, neither "classless" nor Communist. You see that slogan, ONWARD TOWARD COMMUNISM! everywhere, yet nearly fifty years after the revolution, money continues to be the single most powerful incentive for Soviet man. The guaranteed minimum wage is now 60 rubles a month (the present exchange is 1.11 rubles to the dollar). A skilled worker like Vladimir Maltsev, whose life we were in Rostov to film, earns between 110 and 160 rubles a month. A shop assistant probably earns 80 rubles. A professor can make from 200 to 1,000 rubles, if you include royalties on his books. The best paid group in Russia today is composed of the concert artists, singers and instrumentalists, who earn between 500 and 3,000 rubles a month.

We spent several days filming Vladimir and Anya working at Rostselmash. Sprawled over several hundred acres, the factory reminded me of the giant aircraft plants on the West Coast. There was one difference: everywhere inside the building posters and banners urged the "try harder" spirit. Near a group of women who were welding brackets for the combine-harvesters was a huge portrait of Lenin and the slogan GLORY TO LABOR! Not far from Vladimir Maltsev's station was a caricature of Uncle Sam and the words COMRADES! WE ARE EXCEEDING AMERICA IN GROWTH AND OUTPUT!

The Soviet Union with only half the gross national product of its chief rival, is clearly determined to overtake America in industrial production. Slogans that appeal to patriotism and pride are only one weapon in this clawing fight to reach first place. Given the spur of Premier Kosygin's sweeping economic reforms, factories like Rostselmash are introducing a new item in their accounting—profitability. The head of Rostselmash will no longer have "fulfilled the plan" when he has reached an allotted level of gross output; he will also be expected to produce goods that are profitable in the market place. In the long run, this added consideration could turn the entire planning mechanism in new directions—and with it, the whole of Soviet life.

Between 1950 and 1965, according to the Joint Economic Committee of the United States Congress, Soviet per capita consumption jumped an astonishing 82 per cent. Under the Kosygin reforms, the 1966-70 Five Year Plan is expected to increase the consumer's share of the economy even faster. As it looks to the future, the Kosygin team sees a vast increase in consumer goods to provide much of the incentive to "try harder." At Rostselmash, when Vladimir Maltsev increases his output or comes up with a labor-saving idea, he earns a cash bonus. Last year, for example, he bought a television set. This year he and Anya are saving up for a washing machine. Next year they would like very much to buy their first automobile.

What is happening looks to me rather like the German "economic miracle" of the late 1940s—a kind of Communist "dash for freedom." Discussion of this possibility has often been limited in the United States by an unwillingness to accept the view that a new kind of Russia may be emerging; in the Soviet Union it is made difficult by the daily newspaper propaganda that the Russian consumer miracle has been going on for years. It has not; it has yet to begin.

To give some idea of how well *Ivan Ivanovich* is doing today, we spent a couple of days filming inside Rostov's biggest department store—ZUM.

A five-story, glass-faced structure, ZUM occupies a city block just off Engels Street and on the main bus routes. On the ground floor, which looks like a company store in a Kentucky mine town, you can get anything from underpants (made in the United Arab Republic) to a pungent perfume named "The North" (the bottle is a polar bear, sitting on an ice floe). There are plenty of cash registers on the premises but the wooden abacus is still the chief means of reckoning. The two things that continue to make shopping a tough chore for Russians

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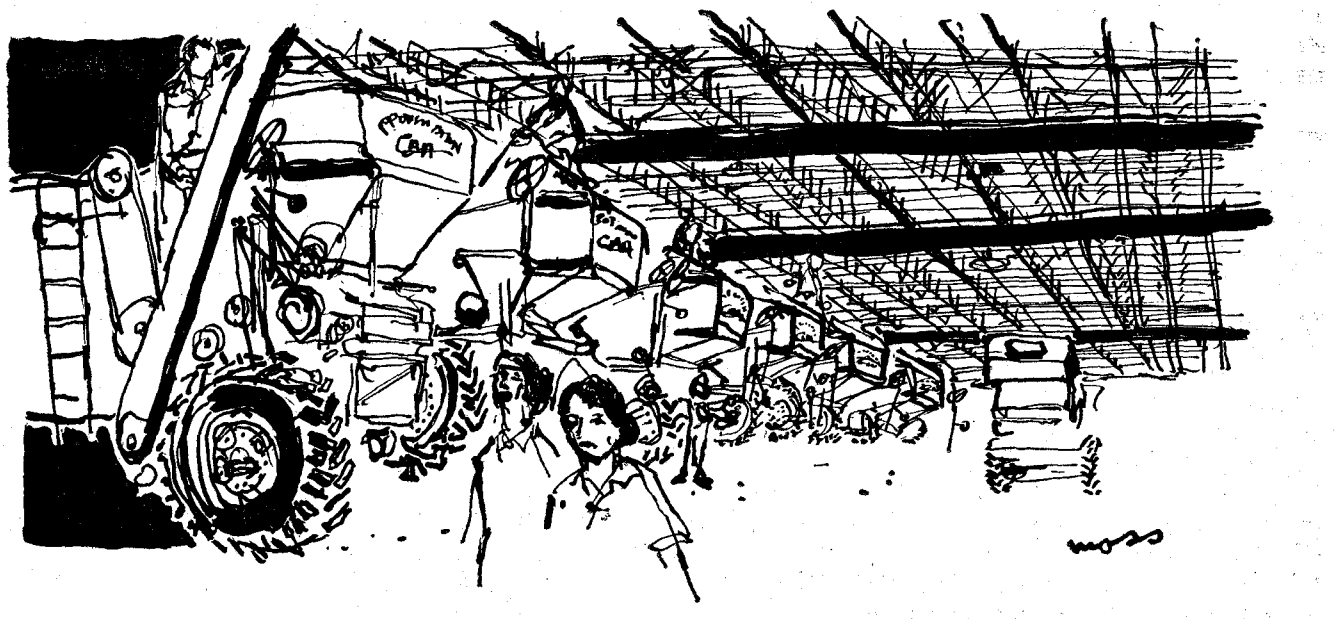

is the unbelievable surliness of most sales help and the incredible complexity of a single sales purchase. When a housewife finds something she wants, she first waits in line to choose the item, then she waits in another line to pay for it, and finally she returns to the first line to turn in a sales check and pick up her package. Try that, say, for five items.

Considering that the average wage in the Soviet Union is approximately 100 rubles a month, prices seem terribly high. Here are a few ZUM prices I jotted down at random:

	Rubles
TV set	280
Lipstick	1.50
Chocolate bar	.78
Head scarf	5.50
Men's shoes	15-30

A junior clerk in ZUM told me the shoes she was wearing were Italian and had cost her 50 rubles. Since her monthly check was only 80 rubles, they had cost her almost three weeks' pay!

But figures of this sort invite comparison with typical American expenditures for goods and services, and a Russian's budget is quite different. Take the Maltsevs, as an example. Like most Soviet families both Vladimir and Anya work. Their apartment costs them just 11 rubles. Both their children go to free camps in summer. The Maltsevs pay only about 12 per cent of their joint earnings in income tax; their medical and dental care is free. On their combined income of 230 rubles a month, the Maltsevs appear to get along very well indeed.

After four weeks in Rostov-on-Don we had unspooled almost 30,000 feet of color film. The results include everything from the fun and laughter of Natasha Maltsev's 14th birthday party, to the insanity of trying to shop at ZUM; the head-splitting clamor in the hermetic world of the Rostselmash tractor factory; to a furiously competitive motorbike rally in the Don countryside. One of the most expensive shots in the film will last only a few seconds—a helicopter ride down the Don. On this we dropped 1,000 rubles. One of the least expensive sequences will be the workday in the Rostselmash tractor factory.

The total bill for three days of filming there was just 16 rubles—for electricity. Our hosts said nothing at all about the inevitable slowdown of a production line that spits out a giant harvester every three minutes. Generalizations are risky, but let me make just two. First, most Russians that we met were, I think, people of good will, generous, open-hearted, sincere in their protestations of friendship. Second, the Soviet Union is one of the most hierarchical societies I have ever seen. Even the visitor can sense the resentment of privilege, including the privilege of information. But, fortunately, the whole thrust of the volatile and rapidly shifting economy is working against the closed society. Mass air travel is already here. The automobile revolution is on its way, promising the kind of change the Tin Lizzie brought to America in the twenties, and certain to alter the antiquated internal passport system.

These are good days to visit the Soviet Union. Fifty years after the great October Revolution, it is fairly clear that a new revolution is taking place.

Natasha and Sascha Maltsev were lined up in the Moskovskaya's foyer when we came down for the farewell dinner party. Natasha wore two big white bows in her hair and Sascha had on his best gray suit. Vladimir Angarski and Galya, the Novosti officials, were chatting with Mr. and Mrs. Maltsev. Two great big tears were welling in each corner of Natasha's brown eyes. For a few seconds there was a profound silence.

"Don't be sad, Natasha," said someone, "we're going to be friends for always."

"*Mir y druzbha*—Peace and friendship!" said Ralph Mayher with a smile.

Sascha, as befits a grown-up 11-year-old boy, surveyed his sister's outburst with some distaste.

A few minutes later, farewells over, the children were taken home by Viktor, our Moscow chauffeur. All the

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same there was a lump in everyone's throat that remained long after the children were asleep that night.

But we had not finished the evening. We went through the Moskovskaya's restaurant where the orchestra was playing *Hello Dolly*, and walked to a private dining room, where a huge table seemed buried in food. There were bottles of vodka, Armenian brandy, Rostov champagne, Georgian mineral water, platters of cold meat and caviar, fish in aspic, lobster and square-shaped dishes filled with salad. Our Soviet friends quickly agreed that Vladimir Angarski should be the toastmaster. After about an hour of sustained eating and drinking, he banged the table with his fist, and announced that Vladimir Maltsev would make the first speech. I think it was around that time that George Watson and I were each presented with a chromium-plated hammer made in the Rostselmash workshops. Everyone made at least two speeches. At some point the Moskovskaya orchestra paraded around the table playing *Ochee chornya.* I was just asking the lady next to me what part of Russia she came from when Angarski banged the table once again. He raised his vodka glass and said, "John," turning toward our owl-eyed sound engineer from Los Angeles. John Dignan shot his cuffs and uncertainly got to his feet. "It's been quite an experience . . ." he began.

The Russians gazed at him with what I thought was tremendous sobriety.

John flapped his enormous eyelids. "Baby," he said, gazing at no one in particular, "*Mir y druzbha!*" There was a buzz of approval. "He's a real good sort, that one," said the lady next to me. The last thing I honestly remember was Watson resolutely attacking a cube of what appeared to be colored plexiglass on his gold-rimmed plate. "That is Zander in Aspic," said Vadim Yakkovleff. "It's a special kind of fish—very good."

"Thanks, Vadim," I said after a long pause. "Have another drink."

The next day we were back in Moscow.

CALIFORNIA REVOLUTION 5

CONSERVATION COMES OF AGE

SCOTT THURBER
Mr. Thurber is on the staff of the San Francisco Chronicle.

San Francisco

"To become a conservationist in California," a leader in the field remarked recently with blunt accuracy, "all you have to do is look around you." Since the mid-1940s, California has been disfiguring itself to accommodate the incoming hordes. Today the Californian can still see much of the rare natural beauty that attracted him to the state in the first place, but he also sees the instruments of its destruction hard at work. Chain saws are felling the forests, bulldozers are decapitating hilltops and filling valleys in the path of broad concrete freeways, and the orchards and fields are giving way to endless rows of die-stamped tract houses, the slums of the future. Smog infests the air, and the streams and roadsides are polluted with the rubbish of a no-deposit, no-return civilization.

The conservationist has traditionally been something of an eccentric—shouting alarms, putting out brush fires. But today there is a difference: he is being heard—and attended. His ranks are swelling; he has, indeed, become respected. More important, he has become effective, and nowhere is this change more apparent than in California, a clearly threatened last frontier of outstanding natural environment.

"We Americans have never been at peace with our environment," the noted architect and conservationist, Nathaniel Owings, remarked recently. "We've always believed in an endless wilderness. If we cut one forest and built a town, there was always another forest just over the hill. In planning we've never treated our environment as an equal."

The fact that our wilderness is not endless, that in fact we are coming to the end of it, has in recent years become a matter of mounting concern to a steadily increasing number of Californians. The growth of California's conservation movement has been dramatically evident since about 1947, when a restless postwar population began pushing into the state. Today—with an estimated 1,500 newcomers arriving in the state daily—it is at its peak thus far in numbers, diversity and accomplishments.

Ad hoc organizations are formed in response to specific situations. One of these fought to block an Atomic Energy Commission power line projected to run through the scenic San Francisco Peninsula community of Woodside, and had to settle for a "compromise" that was largely a loss; another kept Pacific Gas and Electric Company from building a nuclear power plant on Bodega Head on the rugged northern coast. At the same time, permanent, single-purpose organizations have proliferated. Some of them are state-wide, like the California Roadside Council; some are regional, like the Committee for Green Foothills or the League to Save Lake Tahoe, and some are small, local and terribly specialized. There are also the big, long-established conservation organizations —the Save-the-Redwoods League and the Sierra Club—both founded and based in California, but both with nation-wide memberships and influence.

The individual and sometimes collective energy of all these organizations—big, small, permanent and one shot —of late has yielded some heartening results. A few examples:

¶ California voters in 1964 approved a bond issue of $150 million for park purchase and development; $85 million was earmarked—and is now being spent—to buy

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and preserve new parklands, something like 265,000 acres in all.

¶ Conservationists have beaten back an attempt by the highway engineers to bulldoze a freeway through a choice part of northern California's virgin redwood forest.

¶ The state is setting out to create the first portions of what ultimately would be a 4,000-mile system of parkways—low-speed, pleasure-driving roadways through elongated parks. The antithesis of freeways.

¶ An official state commission has been created to stop the filling of San Francisco Bay and to study all aspects of its permanent preservation.

¶ The voters have created a special sort of "green-belt" zoning that will protect a farmland owner from spiraling tax assessments if he agrees to keep the land open and undeveloped for a specified period of years. [See "The Soil Beneath the Blacktop" by Richard G. Lillard, *The Nation*, February 13.]

¶ Pacific Gas and Electric, which learned some sobering truths about conservation and public opinion in the Bodega Head battle, has started seeking the advice of conservationists before planning new plants.

And there has been still another development which might be said to reflect the growing political maturity of the state's conservation groups: they have banded together to hammer out a wide-ranging legislative program, and hired a lobbyist to work for its enactment in Sacramento.

Nothing better illustrates the growth, scope and vigor of the California conservation movement than the Sierra Club, probably the largest and most effective conservation force in the country, and certainly the best known. The Sierra Club is something of an elder statesman of conservation. It was founded some seventy-five years ago by the naturalist John Muir. From the outset it was an organization to preserve outstanding samples of our environment. One of Muir's (and the club's) signal achievements was the preservation of California's magnificent Yosemite Valley. Yet in Muir's time and into ours the club has been best known for its expeditions which took members—hikers, campers, back packers and the like—into Muir's beloved Sierra and other wilderness regions. In 1947, the club had a large number of hikers, a small staff, about 4,000 members, and an annual budget of about $100,000.

The Sierra Club still has a lot of hikers—including those who trek into the Sierra each year to haul out the incredible array of refuse left behind by despoiling vaca-

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tionists. But the club's principal concern, its major activity as an organization, has become the conservation of natural beauty. Currently, it has 47,000 members, and an annual budget of almost $2 million. Those figures are on the scale of a respectably large corporation, and the club is in corporation-type trouble with Washington.

The person most responsible for what the Sierra Club is today—for the stands it takes, its public image, the attention it gets and, indeed, its current fight with the Internal Revenue Service—is David Brower, the organization's $18,000-a-year executive director. An expert mountaineer and a veteran of the Army's 10th Mountain Division, Brower is immensely well informed and possessed of an unswerving dedication to the causes in which he believes. He is also something of a rarity: a zealot with a sense of humor. Even his enemies—and these currently must include many dam builders and tree cutters in government as well as industry—regard him with a respect tinged with awe.

Brower, of course, doesn't run the club by himself. He recommends policies with a knowledgeable persuasiveness, but the policies are set by a board of directors that has impressive credentials of its own. It currently includes the celebrated naturalist-photographer Ansel Adams; Dr. William Siri, a University of California biophysicist and expert mountaineer who was deputy chief of the United States team which scaled Mount Everest in 1963; Dr. Edgar Wayburn, prominent internist, Medical Society activist, political conservative and conservation liberal who for years has been in the vanguard of the club's major battles.

The club went into the book-publishing field a few years ago, and its program has been rewarding. The volumes in the "Exhibit Format Series" are beautifully designed and printed, combining breath-taking photography with evocative texts. They are expensive ($17.50; $25) and the profit from their sale has become a major source of finances for the club's conservation program. Above all, the books tell the story of conservation—and tell it well. The moods range from the quiet persuasiveness of *This Is the American Earth* to the more urgent tone of *The Last Redwoods* and *Time and the River Flowing: Grand Canyon*, which show what's at stake in the club's two biggest current battles.

Dave Brower's first major triumph for the Sierra Club was the successful campaign to save Dinosaur National Monument from inundation behind a Bureau of Reclamation power dam in Echo Park. That battle bore a striking similarity to the club's present campaign to save the Grand Canyon—a campaign which is still far from won.

Two dams are proposed—one upstream from Grand Canyon National Park and one downstream from the National Monument, but both within the canyon proper. Again, power is involved—and, of course, the Bureau of Reclamation. The dams would be built as part of the Central Arizona Project—a plan that is politically sensitive because it involves a long-sought water-sharing agreement among the Colorado River Basin states. The Sierra Club contends that the proposed dams—at Marble Gorge and Bridge Canyon—would forever destroy the Colorado as "a living river"—and that they are wholly unnecessary because they wouldn't conserve a drop of water. They would, instead, simply be "cash registers"—producing salable hydroelectric power.

The dams are a threat to more than the ancient majesty of the Grand Canyon. As Brower puts it: "What is at stake is the entire conservation movement, and a brilliant national park system. If Grand Canyon can be destroyed, then no parks, wilderness or wild rivers can be considered safe."

The club said all that, and more, in the now historic full-page advertisements it published in *The Washington Post* and *The New York Times* on June 9, 1966. Less than twenty-four hours after their appearance, the club was informed that the Internal Revenue Service had started an investigation to determine whether it should lose its tax-deductible status because it was spending a "substantial part" of its income on "influencing legislation." Nearly six months later—after a period of uncertainty which cost the club an estimated $125,000 in withheld contributions—the IRS decreed, in a tentative ruling, that the club is no longer eligible to receive "deductible charitable contributions." The key words "substantial" and "influence" are nowhere defined.

The club spent $10,000 on the ads that provoked IRS' Instant Wrath (seldom in history has a federal bureaucracy reacted with such cobralike speed). Many other tax-deductible organizations, which lobby blatantly and on a much grander scale, have been left untouched by the IRS. The Central Arizona Project Association, for instance, spent $74,065.02 in 1965 to advocate the dams the club opposes. The association's tax-deductible status remains in force.

Permanent loss of its tax-deductible status would hurt but not cripple the club's conservation program. It would impede the flow of big cash gifts and bequests—it's fashionable to mention conservation groups in your will these days—but the club has other resources: dues, fees for outings, book sales, to keep it going. Incidentally, the effect of the IRS battle hasn't been all bad: when the investigation was first announced, the club had 38,000 members; today it has more than 47,000.

The Sierra Club is skirmishing on many fronts. It is concerned for the future of the Florida Everglades, Storm King Mountain on the Hudson, and the forests of the Oregon Cascades. In its home state, it vigorously pursues causes, large and small. Its San Francisco Bay chapter is in the forefront of a move to forestall a major commercial development in the middle of the Bolinas Lagoon, a significant wildlife sanctuary on the Marin County coastline north of San Francisco. On a larger scale, the club is working to create a Redwood National Park on Redwood Creek in Humboldt County—"the last opportunity for a *real* Redwood National Park." (The Administration, in the 89th Congress, backed a hastily prepared proposal for a smaller park on Mill Creek in Del Norte County—an area the club contends has been heavily logged over. Almost all major conservation groups backed the club's proposal at hearings held in 1966.)

Last year, the club's directors took an unprecedented stand: they endorsed the site of a proposed PG&E nuclear power plant on the San Luis Obispo County coastline.

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This provoked an internal fight which still continues. The recommended site at Diablo Canyon was backed by the directors — however reluctantly and conditionally — as preferable to the utility's first choice of Nipomo Dunes in the same county, a spectacular and unspoiled area the club has long fought to preserve as a state park. The majority view of the board of directors is that it was either Diablo Canyon or Nipomo Dunes—and that the club can't simply oppose but must offer intelligent cooperation in matters like this. The dissidents argue that it wasn't an either-or situation, that the utility had other alternatives, and that Diablo Canyon is well worth saving on its own merits. Since the directors have refused to back down, their decision will now be subjected to a membership referendum, first of its kind in the club's history.

One of the admitted shortcomings of the California conservation movement in the past has been its disorganized concentration on, to a large degree, defensive warfare: reacting to provocation, rushing here and there in defense of something threatened—be it Bolinas Lagoon, San Francisco Bay or a pristine redwood grove. A major and coordinated attempt at a systematic new approach to the preservation of the environment is now beginning in California, and some conservationists regard it as the most significant development in many years. The groups—large and small—have banded together into a special-purpose organization, the Planning and Conservation League, that also includes such related interests as the state-wide organizations of architects, landscape architects and designers. Its single purpose: effective legislation in the conservation field.

At a recent daylong seminar in Berkeley, the new league hammered out a coordinated program of proposed legislation, ranging from a law to ban smog-producing vehicles from the state's highways by 1980 to a law that would flatly forbid highway engineers from invading parklands without the unlikely advance consent of the State Park Commission. The Planning and Conservation League will press its legislative goals in Sacramento through the office of a full-time professional lobbyist.

Nothing exactly like this has ever been done before in California conservation, and many regard the effort as long overdue. "At last," a leader in the group reflected recently, "we are making the transition from little old lady in tennis shoes to effective political activist."

RAILROAD HYPOCRISY

THE NUISANCE OF PASSENGERS

WILLIAM R. WRIGHT
Mr. Wright has spent fifteen years in the rail passenger field; he works for a "forward-looking" line.

The traveling public is fed a diet of woeful tales about the railroad's "passenger problem." The overt manifestations of this "problem" are late, slow and dirty trains, and constantly shrinking service. But is the problem real, or has it been fabricated?

Take the case of the "Phoebe Snow," recently approved for discontinuance. That "problem" was "solved" only after the Erie-Lackawanna had taken four steps to lose passengers and increase costs. First, the E.-L. added two hours to the running time between the New York area and Buffalo, a key point. This reduced the diesel-powered streamliner to a 1920s' steam-train schedule, and delayed the Buffalo arrival from suppertime to 8 P.M. This latter detail would not have been so bad if the management, in its infinitesimal wisdom, had not decreed that the Buffalo section should separate from the main train and the diner in mid-afternoon, making for hungry passengers.

For step two, the line abandoned its convenient station at the foot of Main Street in Buffalo, and replaced it with a tin shanty in the East Buffalo freight yards. Step three was the game called "lying with statistics." Instead of cutting off the Buffalo section at Hornell, N.Y., where the Buffalo branch began, the train was split at Elmira, N.Y. This meant that the two sections chased each other for 58.5 miles each way, adding approximately $351 per day, or $128,115 per year, of unnecessary expense.

When all else failed, the Erie-Lackawanna went to the New York Public Utilities Commission and got permission to remove the Buffalo branch connection altogether. (Technically, these trains were an intrastate operation and the E.-L. could by-pass the Interstate Commerce Commission.) Deprived by this final step of her prime Buffalo-to-New York revenue, "Phoebe Snow" bled to death, a victim of her owner's murderous tactics.

Recently the New York Central, in a double-barreled announcement, unveiled a train capable of a 183-mile-per-hour operation, and at the same time announced the termination of all their through trains, including the famed "Twentieth Century Limited." As exciting as 183-mph trains may be, the clinkers in the plan are all too evident.

The high-speed trains are to operate over 200-mile segments of the line, which means that a passenger from New York to Cleveland will have to change three times. It was hinted that trains would operate only every three hours. The segments would be too long to compete with the airplane and too short to compete with the private car, and a nagging question lingered as to whether these segments would even connect. The New York Central management has yet to extend itself to build passenger business, and the high-speed train appears to many in the passenger end of railroading as a smoke screen to cover the removal of all the Central's through trains.

Elsewhere in the New York City area, the Pennsylvania wonders where the passengers went on their New York-to-Washington run. Of course the fact that the once

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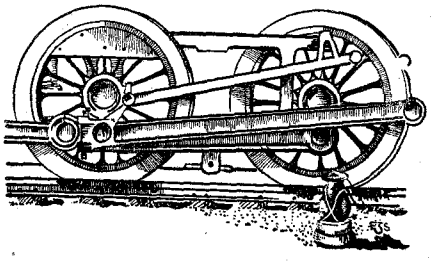
hourly service and the Philadelphia "Clockers" have disappeared, plus the fact that the fare is more than $2 higher than the bus fare seems not to impress the Pennsy's management. Railroads are the only means of transportation whose costs do not rise in direct proportion to their volume, a factor which could make them very competitive on a high-density run like New York to Washington. Perhaps the Northeast Corridor high-speed service, a Department of Commerce experiment, will bring back some patrons, but if the price is not right, the results will not be astonishing.

In other parts of the U.S., the Southern and the Southern Pacific have embarked on campaigns to drop trains and frustrate passengers. For instance, at Chattanooga, the Southern's Memphis connection leaves ten minutes *before* the train from New York arrives. The other train to Memphis arrives from the North at 2 A.M., hardly conducive to passenger travel. The remnant of the "Kansas City-Florida Special" now ends at Valdosta, Ga., in the middle of the night.

The Southern Pacific has taken even stronger steps. The line, which derives much of its revenue from tourism,



took itself out of the Rail Travel Promotion Agency, the organization which pays commissions to travel agents on rail tickets. An effective way to kill business is to alienate the travel agents. This past summer, Southern Pacific also failed to announce until June that it would run the daily tour train "Shasta Daylight," a move which undoubtedly cut the train loadings.

Perhaps the most "public be damned" move of all is the case of the hidden train. Southern Pacific operates trains 39 and 40 between Los Angeles and Tucumcari, N.M., where they connect with the Rock Island Line. But for several years Southern Pacific has refused to show these trains on their timetables. In spite of this, a good many people have taken the trouble to consult the Rock Island schedule so that they can ride a Southern Pacific train, and the Interstate Commerce Commission has ordered the Southern Pacific to continue the service (which is still not shown in the schedule).

It is rare, though, that the commission is willing or able to see through this type of subterfuge. The ICC maintains an "Alice in Wonderland" accounting system under which it is impossible to show a profit on passenger trains. Everything, including many expenses which would continue if no passenger trains ran, is charged in part to the passenger operation under this "system."

Many railroads use the far more realistic "above the rail" cost (where the expense of running trains and selling tickets is deducted from the revenue) and show a profit on their trains. Ironically, the roads that use the ICC formula for passenger trains insist that "above the rail" costs be the sole guide when they set freight rates. They want the freight business and so are realistic about these figures.

If the railroads made the same honest effort to increase their passenger business that they make to build freight traffic, the so-called "passenger problem" would disappear. The answer needn't be new equipment—just competitive pricing, publicly acceptable schedules, good connections and a managerial policy that produces good employee morale and salesmanship. Passenger train service in America is being destroyed by antagonistic management policy.

LETTERS (*continued from page 258*)

cooperation of the AFL and the CIO in the wartime programs of the OIAA.

I did not intend, in the context of the article, to hold Mr. Herling responsible for the subsequent activities of the AFL or CIO after the war but merely to indicate that certain labor ties with the government derived in part from the wartime connection. *Henry W. Berger*

doctor in Spain

New York City

DEAR SIRS: February marks the thirtieth anniversary since Dr. Edward K. Barsky crossed the Pyrenees into Spain to direct the program of medical aid for the men of the International Brigades.

Like the volunteers he went to serve, this great surgeon, through action, leadership and extraordinary courage, has come to symbolize the will and conscience of all who strive for peace and human dignity.

A dinner in tribute to Dr. Barsky will be held Friday evening, Feb. 24, in the Imperial Ballroom of the Americana Hotel, the proceeds to go to the defense of civil rights, civil liberties and military draft cases, and to youth groups involved in those areas.

For additional information and reservations, telephone EN 2-5727. *Stanley Faulkner (for the Sponsors)*

tax for peace

DEAR SIRS: Your readers should know about a plan which is an alternative to tax refusal. Those who can and will refuse taxes earn our respect and our blessing. But the fact remains that in most cases the government will get the taxes from the taxpayer plus penalties, and the money will go for the nefarious purpose for which it is wanted.

Under this alternative plan, we tax ourselves an equal amount for works of peace (peace organizations, civil rights and other constructive groups), as the American Government is taxing us for works of war. . . .

Sixty per cent of your income tax goes to pay for wars, past, present and future. Under this plan you make a commitment of an equal amount for works of peace which you believe will bring mankind closer to a world in which there can be no Vietnamese War. Whatever your income, this must involve personal sacrifice and this may be the best aspect of the program. Americans owe their prosperity, directly or indirectly, to the war system. When enough Americans are ready to put themselves on the line, body and spirit, the balance may begin to shift. If more information about people now using this plan is desired, I shall be happy to supply it.

Beatrice Miller
833 North Waterloo St., Los Angeles, Calif. 90026

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BOOKS & THE ARTS

The Masses: Working-Class Dreams

ECHOES OF REVOLT: The Masses 1911-1917. *Edited by William L. O'Neill. Introduction by Irving Howe. Afterword by Max Eastman. Quadrangle Books. 303 pp. $12.95.*

MICHAEL B. FOLSOM
Mr. Folsom is a graduate student at the University of California, doing research into the cultural history of the American Left.

In its time, *The Masses* published the bravest — and much of the best — art, literature and politics in America. After Max Eastman took over editorship of Piet Vlag's "yellow" Socialist paper in the autumn of 1912, until Woodrow Wilson killed it in the autumn of 1917, *The Masses* lived up to the famous manifesto which flew from its masthead:

A REVOLUTIONARY AND NOT A REFORM MAGAZINE: A MAGAZINE WITH NO DIVIDENDS TO PAY: A FREE MAGAZINE: FRANK, ARROGANT, IMPERTINENT, SEARCHING FOR THE TRUE CAUSES: A MAGAZINE DIRECTED AGAINST RIGIDITY AND DOGMA WHEREVER IT IS FOUND: PRINTING WHAT IS TOO NAKED OR TRUE FOR A MONEYMAKING PRESS: A MAGAZINE WHOSE FINAL POLICY IS TO DO AS IT PLEASES AND CONCILIATE NOBODY, NOT EVEN ITS READERS —THERE IS ROOM FOR THIS PUBLICATION IN AMERICA.

Under that banner, Eastman was joined by Floyd Dell, John Reed, Carl Sandburg, John Sloan, Louis Untermeyer, Stuart Davis, Art Young, Sherwood Anderson, Dorothy Day, William English Walling, Mike Gold (then Irwin Granich), Mary Heaton Vorse, George Bellows and many other regular contributors. These were supported on occasion by Amy Lowell, Picasso, Randolph Bourne, William Rose Benét, Joel Spingarn, Joseph Warren Beach, Wilbur Daniel Steele, Ernest Poole, William Carlos Williams. Irving Howe observes that "*The Masses* became the rallying center—as sometimes a combination of circus, nursery, and boxing ring—for almost everything that was then alive and irreverent in American culture."

The format was *Life*-size, and often a double-page spread would be lavished on a single drawing. The nation's best cartoonists, Art Young, Robert Minor and Boardman Robinson, came to the magazine. *The Masses* became the public gallery of the Ash Can School, filling its pages with a graphic record of the urban poor. Its poetry and fiction were less consistently good than the art, though often as brave and gay.

But fundamentally it was politics that made *The Masses* great. The magazine attacked the institutions of capitalist America at home and of imperialist America abroad, and it defied the values, morals and taste which buttressed those institutions. Its vision of creating a Socialist world was clearly, intelligently and humanely articulated. Its art and high-jinks came mainly from Greenwich Village, its politics from mine and mill and from the several sections of the organized Left. Unlike so many later independent radical publications, *The Masses* did not cry plague on all houses; rather, it drew strength from the Socialist Party and the I.W.W., from the anarchists and Bohemians alike. It mediated, looking askance at friends as well as enemies. For a few years, *The Masses* managed to ride herd on all the forces of rebellion in America, not neglecting to break into internecine polemics when differences became desperate. In its last years, with the Left hopelessly divided by the war, *The Masses* thrived as one of the most vigorous opponents of war and of patriot Socialists, among whom were some of its ex-editors.

Imagine a contemporary magazine combining in some measure *Life*'s visual appeal and popular approach, the urbanity of *The New York Review*, the acid *impolitesse* of *The Realist*; standing somewhere between the Communist and Progressive Labor Parties; its heart with SNCC in the South; its reporters in Watts, Berkeley and Lowndes County, and with the agricultural unions and the National Liberation Front; its readership much like *The Nation*'s, but twice the size; and its contributors among the best artists and writers in the land. Such a wonder *The Masses* was.

Now, almost fifty years after the federal government destroyed the magazine for its opposition to a stupid war, *The Masses* lives again in William O'Neill's anthology. However, this new incarnation lacks the old bravado.

Echoes of Revolt is a handsome volume. It is formidable, an eyeful and an education. The content of this ample anthology is in most particulars adequately representative of the magazine's best work. Its lush illustration suggests the magazine's artistic gift. There are enough of the right materials here rightly to know and to judge *The Masses*' meaning. But the collective efforts of the volume's editor, introducer and afterword monger to interpret that meaning have made this seem a comfortable book, smug and complacent —not by bowdlerization but by asking us to view one of the finest cultural achievements of American revolutionary socialism as the object of trivial nostalgia.

> *There is a philosophy which disposes of revolutionists more completely than any other. It disposes of them, not by hating them or by ignoring them, but by accepting them as Interesting.*
> Floyd Dell, in *The Masses*
> February, 1914

William O'Neill's introductory notes are factual, colorless, and often very useful. His response to *The Masses* is warm. He appreciates its bumptious *joie de vivre*, its unique record of the spirit of the times, its role "as an agency in the first stirrings of the revolution in Morals," and its exemplary union of art and politics. But O'Neill does not consider *The Masses*' politics relevant to our world, our problems. He credits the editors themselves with high seriousness in their concern for social problems. He justly points out the romantic aspect of their revolutionary ideals, the facile optimism which helped inform their general gaiety. But he concludes that their socialism was merely utopian, owing more to William Morris and H. G. Wells than to Marx. *The Masses*, he says, "wanted all men to be free of the crushing drabness and insecurities of industrial society." But *The Masses* was much more explicit. It wrote again and again of its desire to free all men of the crushing exploitation of *capitalist* industry and the insecurities of olive drab. It died welcoming in the Soviets.

Having argued that *The Masses*' politics was not the tough Marxian sort which has caused so much nastiness in the world during the subsequent fifty

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years, O'Neill goes on to explain that "the dynamic elements within the ranks of organized capital" (which *The Masses* failed to appreciate) have rendered *The Masses*' Socialist politics irrelevant. Its editors "were betrayed . . . by History which destroyed their frame of reference and made the objects of their concern seem fanciful and unreal."

The subjects of *The Masses*' concern may be dated, but not the fundamental object: to build a world without wars, owned and run by its people. If there is any *Masses* "tradition," it has lived in the dogged persistence of that hope in spite of our "affluence" and in spite of the persistent efforts of our government to stamp it out. Recently, Stokely Carmichael reiterated this in explanation of the aims of SNCC: "The society we hope to build among black people . . . is not a capitalist one. It is a society in which the spirit of community and humanistic love prevail." And what have the masses of this world been doing for the past fifty years, while capital dynamically reorganized itself again and again, retrenching to face crisis after crisis, but make history by betraying the dreams of several empires and by destroying the imperialist frame of reference?

The failure to insist upon or to see the persistent relevance of *The Masses*' critique of American society might be tolerable if it were consistent—if it were simply a matter of letting the magazine speak for itself. But O'Neill does consider *one* aspect of *The Masses*' deviltry and rebellion now even more relevant and disturbing: its "hugely irreverent, not to say sacrilegious, treatment of religion." After a discussion of the current "religious revival," he decides that "there is now less room in America for the straightforward anti-clericalism which the magazine served up." This opinion leads to the most obvious omissions from the anthology: Eastman's sermon on the text, "The Church is Judas"; Eugene Wood's chortling Biblical travesties; Charles Erskine Scott Wood's "Heavenly Discourses," which *The Masses* was first to publish. Missing is almost everything gaily irreverent or possibly blasphemous.

The one work in all *The Masses*' career to cause the greatest flap was "A Ballad" by one William Williams—some simple, poignant dialect verse on the paternal sorrows of Joseph the Nazarene. It is sophomoric blasphemy and facile verse, but amusing and humane, and Samson ne'er smote the Philistines more squarely. Pulpits thundered against *The Masses*. Many pious readers, among them G.B. Shaw, wrote in outrage. Eastman worked up a lengthy reply, "On Reverence," defending the magazine's view of religion.

PARTING

"We met in error. If too close,
Regrets. And I'm away.
Yesterday was easy come;
Easy go, today.
Forget the way we burned, we two,
That pain on either part.
Forget we fell convulsed as one."
Said knifeblade to the heart.

JOHN FREDERICK NIMS

The Masses' "final policy" was "to conciliate nobody, not even its readers." Pious readers of this anthology will not be offended, for it does not include Williams' poem.

Nostalgia and *innocence* are the key terms in the vocabulary of explanations which attend this collection of antique radicaliana. Irving Howe's introduction first appeared in *Book Week* last spring as "The Force of Innocence." Howe speaks as a Socialist, in the name of us American radicals. He has, presumably, reason to value *The Masses,* but he finds it lovable and enviable mainly and merely because of its "innocence," its magniloquent but dreadfully simplistic view of social and intellectual problems. "Lucky devils, happy comrades!" says Howe. They knew not the post-lapsarian taint of communism, or of "problematic thought." Howe's is the voice of patronizing, vicarious self-indulgence—of a tired man who pines for bygone "lilt and bravado" which contrasts so sharply with what he feels to be the "droop" of our age.

The innocence of this approach to the radical past is made embarrassingly clear by O'Neill, who contrasts modern business unionism with the tough labor battles *The Masses* reported — Paterson, Ludlow and the like—in which men died for union recognition or a nickel more an hour: "The very innocence of these demands inspires a certain nostalgia today. . . ."

Our conditions are not nearly those of *The Masses*' world, and I do not mean to suggest that the magazine, in taste or politics, could easily be duplicated nor even should be. Neither do I mean to deny the limitations of *The Masses*' romantic, sometimes ingenuous and apocalyptic, vision of working-class triumph. Or the deep troubles, ambiguities and disasters in the radical movement in the last fifty years of trying. But *The Masses* still speaks—and speaks best—to those who are attempting to remake our world. In its example it may encourage our bravado and teach us some lilt.

Echoes of Revolt, however, is made for the drooping. It is dedicated to one of the drooped, Max Eastman, who reprints a chapter of his first autobiography as an afterword. He and Howe and O'Neill essentially agree that *The Masses* was lovable—and is irrelevant. Among them Eastman has the best reasons for nostalgia—he who, more than any other, created *The Masses* and never did anything so fine again. The reader's digester and national reviewer revises *The Masses*' meaning to make it seem comfy, wedding the ideals of Marx and William Buckley with mendacious rhetoric:

> So far, at any rate, as I shaped its policy, the guiding ideal of the magazine was that every individual should be made free to live and grow in his own chosen way. That was what I hoped might be achieved with *all this distasteful palaver about politics and economics*. . . . As my notebook of those days declares: "I can bear the prospect that the world may never be free, but I can not bear the prospect of my living in it and not taking my part in the fight for freedom." (Emphasis added.)

Eastman does *not* reprint another of his comments on his one-time glory:

> For ten years, as editor of the old *Masses* and *Liberator*, I poured out my soul, and what there was of my intellect, in works of editorial art that are not only dead but dead wrong.

Louis Untermeyer, one of *The Masses*' editors, from whose second autobiography I quote Eastman, observes with more candor than one will find anywhere in the apparatus of this anthology: "Seldom has a living man written so unhappy an obituary."

The Masses was the graveyard of dreams, as well as the cradle. Few of the magazine's principals survived with their radical principles intact. There are many reasons, not the least of them the failure of the American Left in subsequent decades to make room for such cultural expansiveness and troublesome self-criticism as *The Masses* dished up. But there was also a failure of nerve. One of O'Neill's omissions is William Rose Benét's "Revolution" which concludes:

It is easy to preach Revolution—
Revolution in pink reviews,
Or flourish a Phrygian cap from the top of a steeple:
But if ever it came to an uprising of the people,
How many pale poets would stand in the leaders' shoes?

The Masses' poets and artists were never tested by an uprising. Most of

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them *were* tested, however—by success, acceptance, and by the unexpected toughness of engineering their dreams. Irving Howe is pleased that *The Masses*' people "were not, by and large, tempted to settle into comfort." But most of them did settle eventually, and made their peace with the system they once sought to upturn. "They did not fret," says Howe, "the way younger radicals of the sixties do, from fear of selling or copping out." With a few exceptions, they just did it, by and by, without fretting. But *The Masses* had the best of them.

The pattern seems endemic to the culture of the American Left: For a few years a group of predominantly middle-class intellectuals found their best expression in terms of working-class radical politics. Most of them could not sustain the effort, however grand it was. William O'Neill suggests that *The Masses*' makers followed H.G. Wells in their politics, but they were more Wellsian in personality. Still a Red, Floyd Dell wrote about his generation in *The Liberator* in 1924,

> [Wells's] heroes reproduced and held up to our esteem a quality which we all possessed . . . which peculiarly unfitted them, as it unfitted us, for service on behalf of the future. . . . They were individualists par excellence —queer, lonely, self-opinionated, impulsive, erratic and ego-worshipping creatures, utterly undisciplined. . . .

At its usual best, *The Masses* sublimated such creature characteristics. The Revolution was too important, too possible, it seemed. That Revolution failed and its most talented intellectuals deserted. Another "revolutionary" period, the 1930s, came and went; its intellectuals tried and tired. Another time of revolt is upon us. Floyd Dell asked toward the end of that same article in *The Liberator*:

> Is this new Revolution, like the last, going to bring realities different from our dreams? And are we, by reason of our disillusionment and chagrin, condemned to be unable to take part in the life of the new age, but destined rather to turn back and seek refuge in romantic dreams of the past? And, finally, how much blame for that discrepancy may we lay upon that new world-order, and how much upon ourselves?

And Middle-Class Daydreams

THE SMART SET: A History and Anthology. *By Carl R. Dolmetsch. With an Introductory Reminiscence by S. N. Behrman. The Dial Press. 262 pp. $17.50.*

KENNETH S. LYNN
Mr. Lynn is professor of English at Harvard University.

The parent publication of *The Smart Set* was an occasionally scurrilous, incorrigibly gossipy gazette called *Town Topics*, and the latter's rise to popularity in the mid-1880s marked a historic reversal in the editorial attitude of American magazines toward the most important phenomenon of our post-Civil War civilization: the emergent city, as prophetically symbolized by New York.

Until *Town Topics* came along, *Scribner's*, the *Atlantic Monthly*, *Harper's*, etc., had expressed extremely confused and contradictory ideas about the city. On the one hand, New York was where the action was; on the other, it was a Vanity Fair wherein many a pilgrim's progress came to grief. Henry James and W. D. Howells, the sophisticated magazine contributors of the period, had no doubt that urban culture, for all its faults, was infinitely superior to the provincial narrowness of life in New England villages, but they were far outnumbered by writers like E. P. Roe (the most popular novelist of the day) who saw the city as a threat to family life and Christian faith, as well as by scores of regional writers who, from Harriet Beecher Stowe to Sarah Orne Jewett, exalted the village as the guardian of all the good old values.

Town Topics, however, displayed no uncertainty whatsoever about the attractiveness of city life. In its pace and power and glamour, New York was indeed a threat to traditional values, and the bright and lively young men like Percival Pollard, Vance Thompson and James Gibbons Huneker who soon began writing for the weekly gloried in that fact. In their unsigned commentaries on Gotham goings on they affected the world-weary cynicism of Oscar Wilde and Aubrey Beardsley, but underneath their *fin-de-siècle* tone was a wide-eyed wonder and enthusiasm. Between *Town Topics* and *The New Yorker*'s "Talk of the Town" the lines of connection are very clear, indeed.

Despite the brilliance of its editorial staff, the idea for a monthly counterpart that would deal more in fiction than did

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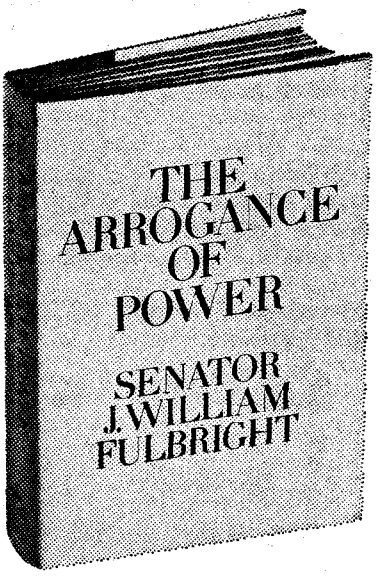

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the quasi-reportorial weekly was the brain child not of the editors of *Town Topics* but of its publisher, the notorious Col. William D'Alton Mann. One of the great con men of American history, Mann combined the preposterousness of Mark Twain's Beriah Sellers with the cunning of Dos Passos' Doc Bingham. By 1900, the year *The Smart Set* was established, Colonel Mann was one of the sights of Manhattan, a dandy in a flaming red tie, impeccable frock coat and spectacularly flaring white whiskers. Behind him he had a varied career as a cavalry commandant in the Civil War, profiteering bureaucrat in the War Department, peddler of phony oil stocks, speculator in cottonseed, newspaper proprietor in Mobile, Ala., and carpetbagging Congressman (in which role Mann was thwarted by the refusal of Reconstruction officers to certify his election).

But it was the patent he took out, in 1872, on a "boudoir" sleeping car that made Mann rich. For while the American railroad market was dominated by the Pullman Company, Europe was wide open; and Mann's idea eventually grew into the Compagnie des Wagons-Lits. By that time, however, Mann was up to his whiskers in New York journalism. *Town Topics* proved to be a bonanza, and on March 10, 1900, he launched *The Smart Set* in quest of another.

Subtitled "The Magazine of Cleverness," it quickly built a circulation of 165,000—the equivalent of 850,000 by today's standards. According to Carl R. Dolmetsch, a professor of American literature at the College of William and Mary, who has written a delightful if somewhat uneven introduction for a new anthology of *Smart Set* pieces, this audience represented a leisure-class readership which was narcissistically interested in reading about itself. But Dolmetsch's contention must be doubted on the ground that the circulation was much too large to be accounted for in terms of a single economic class. As *The New Yorker* would discover in the 1920s, making a great show of the fact that you were not interested in publishing a magazine for old ladies in Dubuque merely brought Iowa's interest in you to a boil. The stories that formed the stock in trade of *The Smart Set* in its early days were novelettes like "The Idle Rich" by Hobert C. Chatfield-Taylor and Reginald DeKoven which recounted the glittering adventures of debonair, rich, handsome Schuyler Ainslee; such stories were not mirrors, as Professor Dolmetsch would have it, in which the "so-called Four Hundred and the [*sic*] *hoi polloi*" could recognize reflections of themselves; they were fantasies which fed middle-class daydreams.

All of which is not to say that the early *Smart Set* published nothing but pap. Dorothy Canfield Fisher, Bliss Carman, Henry Seidel Canby, Martha Dickinson Bianchi, Ludwig Lewisohn and Agnes Repplier were among the early contributors; and while *The Smart Set* did not exactly "discover" James Branch Cabell and O. Henry, it nevertheless gave these two very different writers more encouragement, and more money, than did any other publication of the period. When the magazine almost went under in 1906, it was not from any dearth of writing talent but rather because Colonel Mann's habit of using the gossip columns of *Town Topics* as an instrument for blackmail finally exploded in a sensational trial in which Mann foolishly accused Norman Hapgood, the crusading editor of *Collier's Weekly* of defaming his character. The jury's verdict of "not guilty" not only freed Hapgood; it convicted Mann—at least in the opinion of the public—and some of the tar on the brush rubbed off on *The Smart Set*. Advertisers canceled their contracts, and in 1906 alone, the magazine lost 25,000 subscriptions.

In this crisis Mann was forced into one editorial innovation after another, including such gimmicks as frontispiece portraits of Consuelo Vanderbilt, Mrs. Potter Palmer and other *grandes dames*, a practice which foreshadowed the celebrity hunting of many subsequent magazines. The most memorable innovation, however, was the decision, taken in 1908, to find a literary editor to conduct a monthly book column. After a certain amount of searching, a 28-year-old Baltimore newspaper man was hired for the job. "By the standards of our day," Professor Dolmetsch writes, "he was abysmally untrained and ill-equipped to run the critical department of a national magazine. He knew no more of literature than one could then acquire with a city high school education and a passion (unsystematic and idiosyncratic) for leisure reading. But he compensated, at least in part, for the huge gaps in his knowledge by having the practiced eye of a master reporter (with nine years' service on three Baltimore papers) and a freewheeling style admirably suited to the magazine's still unwavering claims to 'cleverness.' His penchant for paradox and vivid, sometimes caustic, phrases had already brought him a modicum of fame in circles outside Baltimore. . . ."

The neophyte reviewer was of course Henry L. (not yet H. L.) Mencken. Within a year of his coming to *The Smart Set* he had begun to inveigh against the entire code of the American Way of Life, from religion to democracy to romantic love, thereby preparing the critical climate in this country for the acceptance of Dreiser and of the iconoclastic poets and novelists whose names are associated with the so-called Renaissance of 1912. Mencken's was not the only voice which spoke out for a revaluation of American values during that first dead decade of the 20th century (after all, the careers of Van Wyck Brooks and Ezra Pound also date from 1908), but his polemical skill made him the most formidable freedom fighter of them all.

A year after Mencken joined *The Smart Set* the staff was further augmented by the arrival of George Jean Nathan. His first effort for the magazine was an essay entitled "Why We Fall in Love With Actresses" which failed to answer the question. Then in November, 1909, he inaugurated a regular theatre column. Although it took Nathan considerably longer than it did Mencken to find his critical voice, the side-by-side appearance of the critics in the back pages of *The Smart Set* gave the magazine the wittiest, the most exciting, criticism in the history of American magazines.

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But in spite of the one-two punch of Mencken and Nathan and the appearance in the magazine of such new and talented writers as Deems Taylor, John Erskine, Carl Van Vechten and E. Phillips Oppenheim, the circulation continued to sag. Finally in 1911, Mann was forced to sell his pet publication, his only consolation being that he got an inflated price for it. As he had so often in the past, the old con man found a sucker, this time a gullible millionaire from New England named John Adams Thayer. Once the new owner had awakened to a realization of the magazine's desperate financial plight, he turned helplessly to his brilliant literary editor for advice about how to interest a new generation of readers. Mencken immediately urged the appointment of a new editor, his candidate for the job being Willard Huntington Wright, whose book reviews for the *Los Angeles Times* had won Mencken's interest and whose admiration for Nietzsche outrivaled his own.

In the very first issue of the magazine that he produced, the 25-year-old Wright proclaimed his iconoclasm by describing himself as one who "for years has waged war against effeminacy and formalism in American letters." In a time of literary revolution, a revolutionist had come to editorial power, and Wright wasted no time in exercising his authority. The *Kitsch* on which the magazine had always relied was replaced by manuscripts scouted out by Ezra Pound in London. A long satire was purchased from Frank Harris on the hypocrisies of academic piety that helped to establish *The Smart Set* as the voice of restless collegians. Dreiser was welcomed into the magazine, and so were D. H. Lawrence, Conrad, Strindberg and W. B. Yeats.

Yet by 1914, Wright had been dismissed. He was too erratic, too pro-German and (the worst sin of all, from a Yankee point of view) too lavish in the prices he paid for manuscripts. Having fired Wright, Thayer sold the magazine to Eltinge Warner who, like Scott Fitzgerald, was a native of Minneapolis and a graduate of Princeton, and who had recently turned a moribund publication called *Field and Stream* from a financial liability into a gold mine. Under Warner's benign leadership, *The Smart Set* was in effect turned over to Mencken and Nathan, and until they left it in the early twenties to found *The American Mercury*, the magazine published a dazzling array of talents. It was the first American magazine to publish Joyce's stories; it brought Scott Fitzgerald to national attention; and the theatre and book reviewing were better than ever.

After Mencken and Nathan left, Warner sold the magazine to Hearst in 1924. Within a matter of months the erstwhile "Magazine of Cleverness" was publishing the poetry of Edgar Guest and the inspirational sermons of Dr. Frank Crane, the well-known Baptist sexologist. In 1930, the magazine died. The task of sophisticating the national taste had long since passed to other hands.

Messages in a Bottle

WINTER NEWS. *By John Haines. Wesleyan University Press. 71 pp. $4. $1.85 paper.*

PAUL ZWEIG
Mr. Zweig is a poet who teaches at Columbia University.

The news that John Haines brings us is of deep winter indeed. His poems describe a world that is limitless and vastly empty, where all the sounds have been stifled, and where those movements that still resemble life are accomplished with a slowness that is familiar to us, perhaps, only in dreams. It is the massive winter of Alaska, where Mr. Haines has lived for nineteen years, scraping together his living as a homesteader on the frontier, 70 miles from Fairbanks. His poems are the shape he has given to his very real isolation; the words—and there are so few of them—which have survived his decision to renounce our complicated violence and our civilities. Unlike Thoreau, he went more than the symbolic mile from home. The quiet brutalities of winter, which Haines describes, occur at an incalculable distance from the anxieties and the familiar pleasures of our lives: not a mile but a world away. The poems are like messages in a bottle, launched half-distrustfully from the far side of this isolation; the reader is an accident, a piece of unexpected good or ill fortune, yet somehow not part of the plan.

I came to this place,
a young man green and lonely.

Well quit of the world,
I framed a house of moss and timber,

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called it a home,
and sat in the warm evenings
singing to myself as a man sings
when he knows there is
no one to hear.

This simple description points to what is best and worst in Haines's poetry. He speaks as a man "well quit of the world," who has swept aside the cluttered surface of his emotions in order to sing only to himself. Every object he describes to us, every rhythm of speech and landscape in the poems, embodies this retreat—or is it, on the contrary, an adventurous journey?—into what is utterly cold:

Over the sleeping houses a dense
fog rises—smoke from banked fires,
and the snowy breath of an abyss
through which the cold town
is perceptibly falling.

As if Death were a voice made visible,
with the power of illumination. . . .

Haines reminds us that he made a voyage once; that his removal to this world of winter was in its time difficult and painful, but it has been accomplished. Now he is there, on the other side of life, where the events of winter are a constant illumination: "As if Death were a voice made visible." At their best, his poems *are* that voice. The violence and the dislocations of the voyage are behind him; what remains is the soft-spoken authority of a style which, when it is most effective, convinces that its quietness is a strength; as if the imposing vastness of this winter had made the loud voice impertinent—shouting is as quickly drowned as a whisper in such endless snow—and gesticulation a sign only of bad nerves.

In the dozen or so poems that are carried through successfully from beginning to end—but also in lines and stanzas of many other poems—Haines explores a world of quiet, brutal reversals: a lamp filled with shadows that burns on a table; another flickering in a "drafty cave . . . walled with visions." The lamp is an image for the poems themselves. It describes an uncertain perimeter of light in which men sit "gazing past the limit of fire into the towering darkness," or where they "awaken and listen in darkness,/guarding a smoky candle/against the silent/and relentless cold." The puddle of clarity—the life and the poem—are small moments in the hugeness of the frozen landscape.

Although the texture of the poems is simple, and their style subdued, they render the winteriness of Haines's vision with a kind of sparse detail which comes surely from the lived experience itself. As the cold descends, "the wells are freezing at Northway"; the quietness of the encroaching ice is underscored by the sound of "oil tins" that "bang as evening comes on." The short stanza:

Men go out to feed
the stiffening dogs.

dramatizes the slow stiffening of *all* life in the grip of such transformation as the cold brings: an irreversible, clarifying change, "delivering/to the homes of those/who have died of the frost/word of the resurrection of Silence."

Several of Haines's strongest poems describe an unexpected dialogue, which is at the same time a kind of metamorphosis. What he cannot say to men the poet says to animals, with the controlled but deadly energy of the hunter who is "haunted by the deaths of animals," for "they listen/as though I had something to tell them." In "Horns," he describes this dangerous exchange:

I went to the edge of the wood
in the color of evening,
and rubbed with a piece of horn
against a tree,
believing the great, dark moose
would come . . .

The October moon rose,
and down a wide, frozen stream
the moose came roaring,
hoarse with rage and desire.

The poet's message is one of violence, mingled with a strange, lonely sexuality; and he talks it to the proper inhabitants of his winter: the moose, the salmon, the owl, as if by killing them he too could become indigenous, not an exile or an intruder but a changed being, a member of the snowy "abyss." That is the change he imagines in one of the most beautiful poems of the book, where he listens to an owl at nightfall and, when he hears it, dreams that he will glide to meet it over the river:

We will not speak,
but hooded against the frost
soar above
the alder flats, searching
with tawny eyes.

And then we'll sit
in the shadowy spruce and
pick the bones
of careless mice,

while the long moon drifts
toward Asia
and the river mutters
in its icy bed.

Haines has discovered in Alaska a world that corresponds to something at the center of his character: quiet, slow moving, contemplative, ready to display, under the calm surface, a kind of sober murderousness. "Well quit of the world," singing only to himself, he imagines this pure circumference of which he is the center: a vacillating, smoky candle, half in love with the frost that is its only interlocutor and that may, at any moment, put it out.

But isolation has another aspect: not only does it reveal—it also conceals. And this too is apparent in the poems. The question is: what kind of language does a man use when he is talking only to himself? What happens to such circular discourse? Words are sharpened by the situations they create; in order to convince a reader, a lover, a father, one must not only know the truth, one must use good arguments. The words, straining against real incomprehension, must be crisp and effective.

Yeats wrote that poetry is made out of the argument with oneself, rhetoric out of the argument with others. But this argument of poetry is made, none-

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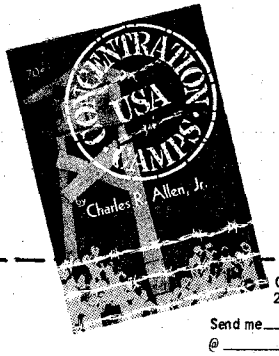

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theless, in the presence of others. In some sense, the drama of self-discovery must then become another drama which takes shape in the reader's imagination. In Haines's poetry, one feels the lack of this other. His argument with himself is made too often, in the presence of no one. It is surely no accident that many of his strongest poems are those which describe an exchange of messages —"If the Owl Calls Again," "The House of the Injured," "Poem of the Wintery Fisherman," — I mean those animal poems where owl, moose and salmon provide the drama and articulation which elsewhere may be lacking. There is a danger in being too well quit of the world: the messages that drift back lose their sharp human resonance; they may become undecipherable or just boring.

Haines escapes this danger often enough to have written a number of distinctive poems which are like little that has been written in recent American poetry. The cumulative effect of *Winter News* is, however, muffled by a number of poems whose vague imagery and blurred emotions cannot but disappoint; as if Haines had taken the shadow for the living object, the surface movement for the singular discovery it only half indicates. This indecisiveness is surely the danger of Haines's vision, and of the very real isolation in which it is rooted. Yet it is clear that *Winter News*, John Haines's first book, contains, at its best, an achieved style and a degree of insight which make it well worth reading.

ARCHITECTURE / ERVIN GALANTAY

To the chagrin of architects, it has become fashionable among sociologists to deny the importance of the physical environment to the quality of society. This attitude may stem from disenchantment with public housing: in the '30s it was generally hoped that the provision of clean, solid, orderly shelter would quickly change the motivation and morals of the inmates. It didn't work out so.

Yet psychologists insist that stimulus inputs from the physical environment are important to the development of the individual, and animal experiments by J. B. Calhoun and others have proved the correlation between patterns in the environment and social behavior. The relevance of such experiments is often shrugged off with the remark that "people ain't rats," but recently the same findings have been generalized as working concepts in urban psychology. Those who stubbornly held to their faith in the impact of design on social behavior found their articulate leader in Albert E. Parr, former director of the American Museum of Natural History. As a sign of changing winds in sociology, the entire October volume of *Social Issues* was devoted to "Man's Response to the Physical Environment."

Interest in the relation between the designed environment and urban society lies not merely in interdisciplinary skirmishing but in the crucial importance of this question for the design of New Towns, where—other factors being equal—success or failure hinges on qualities of the plan. To prove this contention would require experiments of enormous scope under controlled conditions. Urban history offers a storehouse of pertinent material, but due to the complexity of forces acting on a town's development it is difficult to single out the "design" component of the "success" factor. In a few cases, however, the similarity of conditions in the origin and growth of a group of towns limits the likelihood of arbitrary interpretation, and the insights gained contribute to the discussion of environment and society.

It is for this reason that a medieval town-system may command general interest. Accordingly, I recommend the exhibition on "The Zähringer New Towns," sponsored by the Swiss Federal Institute of Technology, which opened at Columbia University recently and is currently displayed at MIT. It deals with a regional system of New Towns planned by the Dukes of Zähringen in the 12th century. What makes these towns unusual is the fact that their successful development can be credited to a good extent to qualities inherent in the original plan. Of the twelve towns founded by the Dukes within a few decades, most prosper today and none has disappeared. This could not be taken for granted. Other communities of medieval foundations have atrophied; in some cases their faint outlines can be detected only on aerial photographs. Compared to the better-known group of French *bastides* founded by the Counts of Toulouse and the Kings of France and England, the Zähringer towns impress both statistically and by "performance." Today their combined population exceeds 500,000 (more than 1 million if we include Zurich, which the Zähringers enlarged considerably), while the more numerous *bastides* hardly muster a combined population of 90,000, and only two of them have risen to the modest rank of a "prefecture." By contrast, four Zähringer towns can boast of great universities; Bern is the capital of Switzerland; Zurich an international power in finance; Freiburg, Villingen and Fribourg important regional centers. Yet this overall success does not result from a uniform political, social or economic development. The Zähringer town-system was planned in an effort to create a dynastic state straddling the Rhine by uniting territories in what is today southwest Germany and Switzerland. But when the family became extinct in 1218, their political dream collapsed. Thereafter, the histories of the towns took different paths. Those in the German group suffered from wars and frequent destruction. The Swiss group developed more evenly but was still quite varied. Murten and Thun were subjects of Bern, which by the 16th century had become the most powerful city-state north of the Alps. Further, the people living in the German and Swiss towns are of different stock, and in two towns close to the language border the inhabitants are French speaking. Yet in all Zähringer towns some common characteristics prevail—there is an affinity of spirit that

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impresses even a superficial visitor, a similarity of life patterns formed by the Zähringer plan. Even in the biggest of these towns the old core retains in plan and in spatial concept the essence of the original foundation, and yet it has not become a mere tourist precinct but remains the undisputed center of the modern city and region.

The central idea of the Zähringer plan is the spinal importance of the wide market thoroughfare. Unlike the French *bastides*, where the fixed size of the central market square limited the future of the town from the beginning, the linear markets of the Zähringer towns were capable of growth. Paul Hofer—the leading authority on Zähringer towns—likes to compare the loosely rectangular grid of their street pattern to a string net that, being elastic, can casually stretch and distort without losing its basic characteristics. This flexibility permitted application of the system to a variety of sites, hills as well as plains.

The area between streets was organized in *Hofstätten*, superplots of fixed size and proportion. Although these blocks have often been subdivided and again recombined during the centuries, the basic module assures that all buildings still retain the cadence of the original order. This rhythm is experienced as a "patterned stimulation," which avoids monotony by permitting various combinations but which is still disciplined by the underlying module.

Another characteristic of Zähringer towns derives from town charters that permitted private owners to erect stone arcades in front of the lots—"the granting of air rights over public right of way," we would say—in return for the construction and maintenance of a covered public pedestrian way. Where this practice caught on it became astonishingly useful: in Bern, the medieval arcades and associated modern cross connections—covered and partially heated concourses and passages—add up to 5 miles of protected pedestrian walks in the area of the old town. And just as improved highways generate more traffic, the existence of this sophisticated pedestrian system may account for the vitality of old Bern that is so much admired by planners of modern shopping centers.

The plan of Bern (1190 A.D.) is in many respects the final formulation of the Zähringer concept. Located in a loop of the river Aare, the old town occupies an area of about 100 acres. From the tip of the peninsula the Zähringian town stretches some 2,000 feet along the wide linear market—a distance equal to a walk from 42nd Street to St. Patrick's

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along New York's Fifth Avenue. During the 13th and 14th centuries Bern doubled its area by expanding westward in the spirit of the original pattern. There are some dimensional similarities between Bern's street plan and the familar grid of Manhattan, but distances between Bern's avenues correspond to the distances separating Manhattan's cross streets and vice versa. The Bern pattern seems more sensible, since there are fewer crossings along the principal arteries. There are only thirty-five intersections in this area and modern traffic is regulated by a single policeman and three traffic lights. Unlike other historic towns, where vehicular traffic had to be restricted, Bern's streets can handle all kinds of traffic, any time.

The old block pattern proved equally adaptable to changes and pressures created by increased commercial and office use—including the vast amounts of space claimed by the city, canton and federal governments whose offices are interwoven with shops, cellar theatres and attic studios in Kafkaesque complexity.

Some planners would dismiss the relevance of historical models by pointing to the great disparity of size between medieval and modern towns. Granted, some of the original Zähringer foundations are hardly as large as a single neighborhood unit of modern planning. But such comparisons are misleading. The minimal initial population needed to guarantee a viable New Town may be a function of the relative complexity of society and the hierarchy and distribution of surrounding communities. Numbers alone do not make a city. The physical pattern is an important factor in development as it furthers or frustrates communication, defines or limits the life patterns of the inhabitants. Unless the minimum number of components—people, production units, institutions—are brought together in sufficient concentration and density, creative interaction cannot take place and the New Town will not thrive. This concept of the "Critical Initial Urban Mass" means simply that the minimal population is a variable dependent on the physical pattern and density. A compact, well-structured New Town will succeed with a smaller population than will a low-density, spread-out agglomeration. This concept is useful in examining the development of New Towns—of any age and in any society. The Zähringer towns offer convincing models of the dense, patterned type, and their influence can be traced to far corners. The plan of the British New Town, Hook, strongly resembles Bern, both in concept and dimensions. Hook —yet unbuilt—has nevertheless become very influential as the first departure from the loose, low-density type of British New Town. Like Bern, it is organized along a market spine paralleled by two distributor roads; like Bern it provides housing in the core area, and the staging plan for Hook strikingly recalls the historic growth pattern of medieval Bern. A similar model was proposed by H. Weber, J. Perez-Canto and myself for the center of the new industrial town of Ciudad Guyana on a peninsula of Venezuela's Caroni River—a site which even topographically is similar to Zähringian Bern.

The exhibition of "The Zähringer New Towns" demonstrates the forming influence of city structure on preferences in the way of living and shows the continuity of thought from medieval to modern urban design.

It is a most important contribution to the present discussion on the psychology of towns and fulfills in a beautiful way what Siegfried Giedion asked of history—"that it should uncover for our own age vital interrelations with the past . . . by searching out aspects which are significant concerns of our own period . . . and thus offer insights into the moving process of life."

THEATRE / Harold Clurman

What do we mean when we speak of expressive content? The ordinary playgoer might translate it as "what we got out of a show." He thinks of it as something that can be summed up in a phrase, a thesis, an insight. It is what stays with him after he has digested the plot of a play, its nourishing residue. There is something ethical or humanistic about the notion.

It is a valuable, though vague, concept. Still we may be misled by a quest for something "deeper" than the surface. Content is not something "underneath" and separate from the play's visible and audible body. Body and soul are one.

These reflections occur to me after seeing Peter Shaffer's *Black Comedy* (Ethel Barrymore Theatre) and Molière's *Les Femmes Savantes* in French — now touring the campuses and small auditoriums of the country. Both plays are almost without content as we commonly define it. Yet I enjoyed them thoroughly.

It may seem heresy to speak of *Les Femmes Savantes* as almost meaningless. In its day—1672—it was a topical satire. The title mocks the pretentions of certain 17th-century ladies just as *Le Bourgeois Gentilhomme* pokes fun at the middle-class gentlemen who strived to ape court manners.

The merchants were an ascending class. Their wives, lacking the opportunity, though they may have had the means, to indulge themselves in the airs of aristocracy, often took to studying Descartes, or at any rate to citing him; they conducted home experiments in the advancing sciences. The most modest of their occupations was the reading or composition of hoity-toity verses based on antique models. With what awe the ladies introduce a poetaster who knows Greek. They would like to marry their

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daughters to such epigones. They were "in."

We have our own ladies of learning and culture today but they cannot be lampooned or disposed of with Molière's arguments. Our bluestockings are too formidable to be quelled by the barbs of the old bourgeoisie. Molière today is square.

The company calling itself *Le Tréteau de Paris* (a "portable" theatre) plays *Les Femmes Savantes* in modern clothes. The girls are drawing-room disk jockeys, they hang odd and presumably ultra-modern bits of wire sculpture around the premises, they examine sundry objects through microscopes, they do setting-up exercises out of physical culture manuals, they wear mini skirts. These inoffensively childish effects do not damage the play: they are sauce for the gander. They may even be of help.

What can the content of such a play be at present? It lies in a marvelous sense of movement, not the actors' physical movement but a certain dance of the mind which motivates the stage action, a dance inherent in Molière's very language. Reading the text, the verse might strike the foreign ear as a sort of gay doggerel: the vocabulary is simple, the rhythm pleasantly conventional. But it is a language meant to be acted; it implies sudden changes of pace, bursts of energy, sudden switches in mood, all of them essentially joyous, pure *play*. What keeps Molière fresh is his robust, springy, tonic sense of fun. His "melody" transcends all moralizing. It is in itself the healthiest of maxims. Mental notes on the play's meaning don't matter: our spirit is made to leap and twirl with a kind of open-air vigor so close to some primal source of life that our very intelligence becomes cleansed and fortified.

Black Comedy is altogether void of intellectual significance. Yet, except for being too long by about ten minutes, it is very good sport. Based on the Kabuki convention of staging almost everything under bright illumination — including night scenes — the action of *Black Comedy* occurs in bright light, though nearly all of it is supposed to be happening in pitch darkness. The result is a series of hilarious sight gags.

What happens in this dark? People blunder ridiculously. Apropos of what? What's the story? I've seen the play twice and I can hardly remember. The content lies in the crazy cavortings, the mishaps, the absurdity of the human body diminished to an inept instrument by the absence of what we take for granted as a natural environmental element.

The cast at the Barrymore is composed of good American and English actors—notably Michael Crawford, Geraldine Page, Lynn Redgrave, though in a certain sense their individual merits matter little in this entertainment. The essential fun is created by the scenic idea and John Dexter's brilliant direction, which in this case is a kind of choreography. The laughter at *Black Comedy* has a certain purity because we hardly realize why we are laughing. This in a small way is the laughter of the gods.

To precede his farce, Shaffer has written a serious companion piece called *White Lies*. This play *has* a message. People must be true, true to their nature, their feeling and thought—and not enact the white lies deemed expedient for successful navigation in the turbid waters of everyday existence. This thought is phrased differently and no doubt more felicitously in the play. It begins with a certain degree of suspense and quasi-exotic color, taking place in a fortuneteller's gloomy digs at an English seaside resort off season, chilly, humid, sunless. The atmosphere makes us hope for some enlivening miracle, but the miracle doesn't happen. The content of the play, to which if we will we may nod assent, is trite in the telling, a blank cartridge.

Except for a pleasant surprise in an early scene, *White Lies* is noteworthy only for Geraldine Page's acting of the impecunious fortuneteller, a putative Baroness of foreign origin and accent. The characterization is capital in its clarity, assurance and incisiveness. Miss Page's usually strange voice, with its peculiar waverings and abrupt diminuendos as if it stifled a sob, becomes in this role acid and taut. Her face, normally wan and misty as if covered by a thin, straw-colored veil, has become a mask of grim Mediterranean intensity. Usually there is something sweetly plaintive in Miss Page's manner; as the Baroness she conveys sybilline power under a disguise of eccentricity. Her eyes penetrate, her thinking holds us. The actress leads us to anticipate a momentous revelation but is betrayed by the collapse of the play in platitude. But never mind: *Black Comedy* redeems the evening.

THE MAID'S STORY

Between her leaving Cobh
And putting the kettle on
Each morning on the stove,
Twenty springs had gone.

A slow flutter of nerves
Told her the slow truth:
There was to be no love
In heaven or on earth.

She never could put the losses
In words, never could say —
When they asked, "What's the matter?" —
What was the matter. They

Were patient and impatient
Like the city she stared at.
She was lint in the clothes closet.
She was dust under the rug.

She stayed that way for years,
In between loss and loss;
Each night, she dreamed of a house
That was hers. It never was.

Then less and less mattered,
Each day was just each day.
Finally nothing mattered,
She opened her mouth to say.

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